

# MYSTIC WORLD.

MAY, 1931



25 CENTS

## This Cover is The Door That Opens New Worlds for You

### PSYCHO-ANALYZING A NATION

By Charles J. Clarke

President Hoover and "The Beginning of Mind  
—The End of Crime."

### WOMEN NO LONGER A MYSTERY

By Dr. M. N. Bunker

The Famous Cheiro — Love Insurance — Un-  
masking the Mystery of Handwriting.

### EAT YOUR WAY TO BEAUTY

By Dr. V. G. Rocine

How to Eat and Drink Your Way to Beauty.  
Know Your Chemical Type.

### A DANGEROUS PASTIME

By Maris Warrington

The Story of "The Great J. P." — The High-  
lights and Shadows of Spiritualism.

### THE SPHINX SPEAKS

By Aegyptus

The Mystic Soul of Humanity Looks Back at  
Its Present — The Glory That Once Was Egypt.

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This "Great Company" (*paut atu*) HER-SESHTI traces its genealogy back to the first legendary human Horus (HER), of *Edfu*—original locale of legendary "Armageddon" (from HARMAKHAT); and their one-time head was the immortal "Prince of Peace," IMHETEP (Harpocrates, Imouthis, Aesculaepios—God of Silent Speech and *Taumaturgy*). *Ptah-hetep* (author of oldest moral precepts known); *Ka-Gemini* (equally famous author); *Har-ta-ta-f* (wise son of *Khufu*, Great Pyramid builder); *Hor-em-heb* (Theban High-priest); *Manetho* (priest and historian); *Solon* (Athenian law-giver and adviser of *Pericles*); *Herodotus* (greatest of all historians); *Iamblichus* (*neo-platonic gnostic*); *Erastathenes* (keeper of Alexandrian Library, and greatest astronomer of his times); *Hor-Apollo* (greatest gnostic writer of his day); *Pythagoras* ("father" of sacred numbers)—were amongst those

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—Atv.



# First With Advanced Thinkers!

# MYSTIC WORLD

Volume I ————— May, 1931 ————— Number 3



## FEATURES EXTRAORDINARY

	PAGE
Resurgam	5
Psycho-Analyzing a Nation Part III <i>"The Beginning of Mind-Discrimination, The End of So-Called Crime"!</i>	25
Let the Stars Be Your Daily Guide! <i>The Way to Success in Love, Business, Speculation, Travel</i>	48

## UNUSUAL ARTICLES

Japan—Through the Eyes of a Mystic <i>Strange Ways of a Stranger People!</i>	28
Women Are No Longer a Mystery <i>The Famous Cheiro—Love Insurance—Handwriting Revelations</i>	16
Poems With a Soul	64

## THE WAY TO HEALTH AND BEAUTY

East Your Way to Beauty <i>How to Eat, Drink and Be Beautiful (Your Chemical Type)</i>	10
Chinese Pulse Diagnosis <i>The Age-Old Secret of the Chinese Nearly a Lost Art!</i>	52

## TRUE STORIES FROM REAL LIFE

A Dangerous Pastime <i>The Story of the Great J. P.—from Spirit Life!</i>	38
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## OUTSTANDING FICTION

The Last Days of Atlantis (Part III) <i>The story of a forgotten race when men lived like Gods</i>	13
Abie "Passes Over" (Part II) <i>Abie Attends His Own Funeral</i>	20
Tires (Part II) <i>The most fantastic story of Black Magic ever penned!</i>	30

## MYSTICAL, ORIENTAL, OCCULT

The Sphinx Speaks <i>The Mystic Soul of Humanity Looks Back at Its Present</i>	7
Silence <i>The Lightning Path</i>	35
Get What You Want—And How <i>Winning Success Through Love Vibrations</i>	42
Astrology Simplified (Lesson II) <i>Astrology So You Can Understand It</i>	45
Business Forecast for the Month	47
The Art of Alchemy (Lesson III) <i>The Philosopher's Stone and Spiritual Gold</i>	50
The Uttara Gita (Part II) <i>The sequel to the Bhagavad Gita</i>	55
Mental Telepathy	63
Among the New Books	65

Editorial: "The Dawn That Came Up Like Thunder!" (Page 57)

Published Monthly by

MYSTIC WORLD : 527 SOUTH CLARK STREET : CHICAGO, U. S. A.

Yearly subscription rate, \$2.00 anywhere in the world. (Three years, \$5.00) Single copy, 25c  
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# R E S U R R E C T I O N

**J**UST as Winter yields to *Spring*—so Death, itself, must yield to *Immortality*. In vain do Night's grim jaws entomb whatever strays within its realms. Wild beings migrate, or else will hibernate—so to outlive the spell of Winter's grip. Where joy hath been, and *active Life*—*Inertia* spreads its dismal gloom. Yet what avails dark *Chaos'* brood against that vibrant *will to live!*—When hopeful LOVE sustains all things, so to defeat all fearful Hate.

*Whatever of live TRUTH partakes, doth outlive Falsehood's rede!* How many millions prate of *Christ* and of the *Resurrection* lore! How many *children* are being taught that *good* things never die! And that the *vilest* of all sins is a deliberate *Lie!* Yet will the elders rock and moan—once *Death* enters their house. Will fill the minds of little folk with false tales of all kinds. Is *that* the way to teach the young, and shake their latent *Faith!* To theorize with a glib tongue—yet demonstrate the opposite! *Who teaches children artful fibs, prolongs mankind's hypocrisy!*

Come, now, admit the Truth—we *have* been victimized. Think, how creeds badly *twist* the *verities* of Life. Have we the courage to *deny* how oft we reason *wrong?* Fail we to realize that falsehood *never* pays! Are we, perhaps, too old to learn that VIRTUE rests on *Truth?* Then, why *continue* the cheap farce that masks sublimest *facts?* Is REASON not the only thing to dispel *Ignorance?* And shall our children live as wrong—as often *we* have done?

*Posterity must not inherit dogmatic fallacies!* Christ is no mere fancy tale—of some “historic”

Jew. CHRIST is the SOUL of all that lives—Life's *triumph* over Death. All *Nature* is the “risen Son” when verdant *Spring* returns. “Spring” means “to leap”—as *green* things “spring” from the earth, as water “springs” from some deep well—to slake a parched thirst. Just as the waking soul of *Life* “springs” from its couch of sleep.

*True NATURE* lore, not “history” supplies the risen Christ! To misconstrue the EASTER myth is but to mock Life's lofty truths. It was the ageless PAGAN Christ of *Nature* rising from her sleep. To teach a *corpse* rose from the Dead is PATHOS, to make angels weep! For *Nature* ever *Pagan* is—as ever is the Christ. “A Christ” once did “Death-Couch” mean—Egyptian, “KARAST,” “to anoint.” From *Nature's* “Karast” Couch of Death—sprang Light, the *Manes*, all life. *The Resurrection* lore was *Nature's hopeful Bible to Earth's progeny!*

A million “Christs” arise each day—to challenge Death's supremacy,— the rising Sun, the verdant grass, the younglings, born of man and beast. The “Spirit” urges every being to demonstrate its *will to live!* The lamb that gambols with delight was Egypt's sign for Spring. The “Baa” sheep, dear to children's hearts, was Egypt's sign for Soul. Of such sweet nature *facts* did spring—and not from doctored “history.” To *twist* the pagan nature facts is to defraud mankind of *Light*; for risen Christs all Earthlings are—who conquer Death's fear-thrall! *Who shuns Life's truths for fiction's sake, worships an ANTI-CHRIST!*

*The Egyptian.*



# The SPHINX Speaks As The Mystic Soul of Humanity Looks Back at Its Present—

By ÆGYPTUS

PART TWO

(Continued from previous issue)

ALEXANDRIA! Here did the world-conquering Macedon Youth of the House of *Lagidæ* leave the imprint of Hellenic culture upon Africa's eternal shores. Like a huge finger pointing to the smiling skies, the famed *Pharos* lighthouse rears itself over the "Great Green" of the shimmering Mediterranean—its immense ruby-colored beacon, at night, guiding mariners at sea to "Happy Harbor" and safety.

Sleek Armenians and hawk-nosed Jews from the *Levant*, picturesque Bedawis in *burnouse* and *djellabahs*, stately Sudanese blacks, swarthy Assyrians and broad-faced Mongols, herculean Norsemen in bearskins and burly Gauls, suavely sophisticated Greeks and somber Copts, lithe *fellahin* and turbaned East-Indians—the nations of the world jostle elbows in the chief trade-mart of the Ancient World.

\* \* \*

*Ptualmis Philadelphus*, second of the *Ptolemies* and the most scholarly of the Macedon-Greek usurpers of Egypt's ancient royalty, sits at the helm of state. The Alexandrian *Museum* and the *Serapeum* house three-fourths of antiquity's literary treasures—*Ptolemy's* agents ransacking every nook of the world to stay the insatiate royal appetite for more rare manuscripts. Egypt's coffers, rifled through the ages, are empty—the inherited *Phoenician* wealth of Jerusalem's *Sanhedrin* tempts *Ptolemy's* purchase-needs with shining shekels, and *Hezekiah's* commission in Alexandria is to see to it that

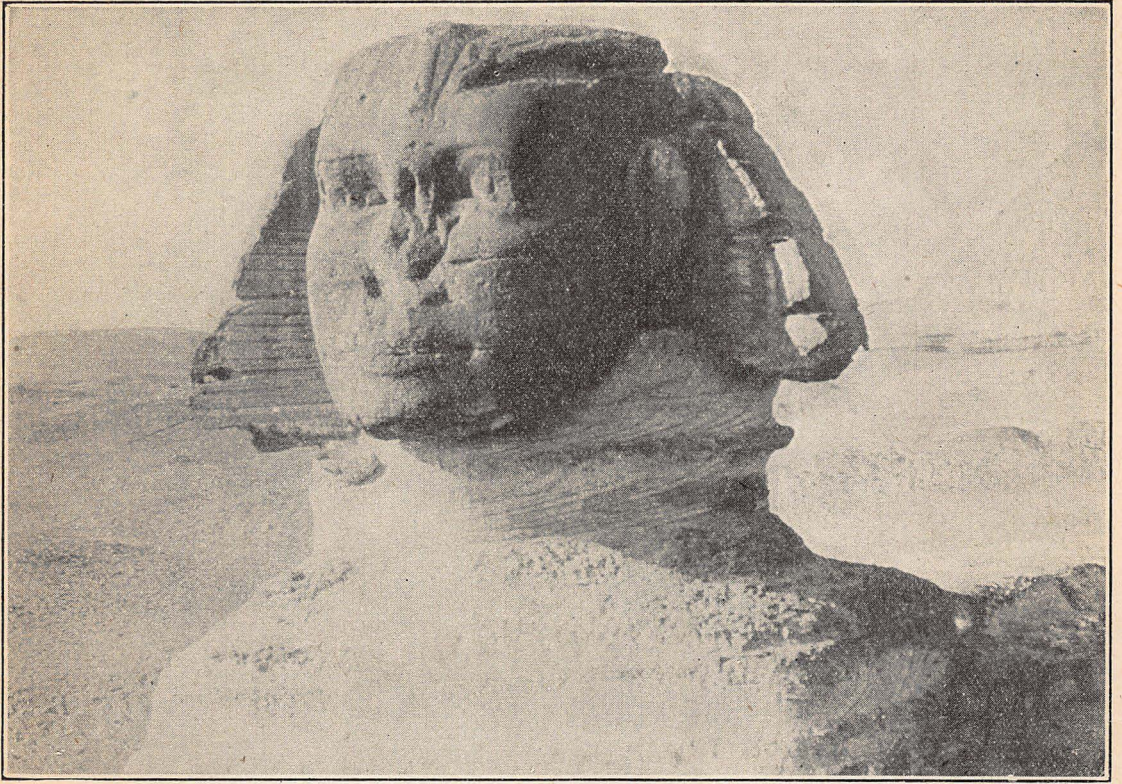
*Ptolemy's* art-driven greed may not slacken. A secret conference and *Ptolemy's* advisers, their palms crossed with silver, whisper pre-arranged counsels—between them, and the visiting *Levites!*—into the royal ears. *Presto subito!*—an army of scholars, native Copts, Alexandrian Greeks, and Jewish *Theraputhæ*, combine their well-paid efforts to overhaul Egypt's sacred literature—at Egypt's sorry expense. No honor amongst thieves: Hellenic culture merely *Greekified* the sacred wisdom lore of Egypt—to become, itself, a duped accessory to still subtler *Judaism*. Was it not written: "*It takes a thief to catch a thief!*"

*Claupatrat*, the winsome Queen, whose love for *Marc Anthony* ended the ambitious dreams of the Ptolemaic dynasty—an asp, sinking venomous fangs into her snowy breasts, saves the humbled siren of the Nile from the ignoble fate of gracing the conquering Roman's *triumph*. "Royal Egypt" had no sooner joined her over-ambitious, but under-cautious, *manes*—and the martial tramp of Roman legions rings through Alexandria's streets. Egypt—OH, MY EGYPT!—thy glory is ended and the ancient kingdom of the Two Lands is reduced to a Roman "province"! Manetho, Euclid, Zeno, Demokritos, Anaximander, Strabo, Herodotus, Hor-Apollo, Thales, Hippokrates, Philadelphus, Lago, Euergetes, Cleopatra, Antipater, Scipio Africanus, Erasthenes, Apollonius, Theon, Hypatia, Themistokles, Apollodorus—in vain the illustrious roster to attest the fame of antiquity's hub of science and philosophy!

Had *Psamtik* not sponsored *Sappho's* colony at







. . . Blind scoffers, facing IT at night, alone—to be dwarfed by the over-powering "presence" of occult Genius, imprisoned in stone! Silhouetted against a starry canopy of deepest blue, its Eastern side wrapped in solid shadows from the nearby Great Pyramid of Khufu, thus appears the Androgyne symbol of the Sun God—Guardian of the Nile, and the Key to Egypt's Messianic Mysteries of deathless life! An enigmatic reminder of forgotten Wisdom-Love; its awe-inspiring countenance a divinely-noble study of serene MASTER-HOOD! A living Force; a tensely crouching SOMETHING—ready to spring into action! "HU," the Smiter—"Father of Terror" . . . and Who, amongst mortals, ponders not over the veiled significance of the secret stelae of SPHINX, for "Here have I Stood Since the Beginning!"

Naukratis—only to have younger *Hellas* dominate the older benefactor, Egypt! Had *Amasis* not taken a Persian for Son-in-Law—to have the Persian conquerors turn hospitable Memphis into a shambles! Had Alexander *magnum* not worshipped at Jupiter Ammon's oasis shrine, so that the older gods were to be reviled! Had Ptolemy Soter not freed five-hundred-thousand Jews from captivity—so that Semitic hands raised no defense for Ptolemy dynasties! Had not Ptolemy Philadelphus aided the Palestinian guests with all his power—so that the wily *Sanhedrin* should crush Neo-Platonism with Judaestic brands of mock-Christianity! Verily, "the mills of the gods grind slow, but they grind exceedingly fine"!

Wherein, Oh Egypt, hadst THOU sinned? The Jewry, finding on thy hallowed shores a

haven, thee do they brand the "house of bondage"; and, having helped themselves to thy wisdom, they palmed a Nazarene on Gentiles who forget from whence the true Christ story sprang. *Dare* they deny it! Hath not the Mosaic Law been copied from the *codex Hammurabi*, and from the precepts of *Ptah-hotep*? Hath not the *Pentateuch* and *Haggadoth* derived inspiration from Egyptian older wisdom? Hath not the *Pistis Sophia*, the *Book of Revelation*, and the *New Testament* been based on the older *Book of the Dead*? Hath not the chronology of Israel by Flavius Josephus, gamboled amidst the legends and myths of Egypt's sacred literature? Hath not the RISEN CHRIST been taught millenniums ere the Jewry retailed the *Maschiach's* prophesied descent from David's house? And hath this insane mockery and wanton pla-





THE MAN FROM EDFU



gicism bettered mankind by withholding the historic truths, of this and that? Write on, O finger of history—"let there be Justice, e'en tho the heavens fall!"

It is Byzantium's hour of treachery. The renegade *Constantine*, of the House *Comneni*—he mocketh Pagan and Christian alike. By virtue of the "new dispensation," this wily hypocrite pretends to see a flaming cross in the skies, and Christian votes, with "equality" promises of plunder to the "christianized" rabble, make him "defender of the Faith"! The first "all-christian" emperor, a faithless heathen and a worse Christian, he dieth unshriven. The cuckold *Helene*—who "discovered" both crosses of the Savior!—hath turned Byzantium into a mad-house of sadistic drama; ten-thousand *flagellantes* torture their manhood-womanhood *impotentes* for the greater glory of the Lord. Egypt's Pagan statue of Isis and Horus stands in the *Forum* as a suddenly metamorphosed image of Mary and Jesus.

"To the lions!" roars the blood-thirsty Christian rabble in the *Hippodrome*—a belated encore of "heathen" spectacles in Rome's Coliseum under the equally mad *Cæsars*, who, though, were *not* Christians. Varangians and other Norsemen heathen guard the Palace of the *Comneni*—the Greek Christians not being trustworthy. The *Archimandrite* patriarch hatches new conspiracies within the very shadows of the church *St. Sophia*. One ruler murders the other—the closer the blood relation, the greater the incentive. The *strategos* sows treason in the ranks of the legions. Poison and dagger, faggot and cross—the holy instruments of the Byzantine model for later mediæval *inquisitions* and holy *vehmgericht*.

With Theodosius, Christian intolerance reaches its ancient height. The *Serapeum* is burned. *Hypatia*, virgin daughter of Theon, the mathematician, and the wisest woman in the world—is dragged to a Christian sanctuary by howling monks, to be brutally violated, and then to have her quivering, *live* flesh scraped from her bones with sharpened *oyster* shells. (The "sainted" monster Cyril, Bishop of the City, gave the order.) Pagan and Christian mobs at civil war—the "Savior's" cross wins, as usual. But the avenging angel of Justice is not blind. Byzantium, the pride of Christendom, the city whose debauchery puts Nero's earlier "Golden House" into the pale—reaps its just reward. The Turkomans make an end of Christian "Constantinopolis," and "*Istanbul*" converts the famed *St. Sophia* into a mosque, so to remain. In vain did the Crusaders, beguiled by scheming

Venetians, storm the citadel—the crescent supplants the blood-stained Cross!

And History marches relentlessly on, and on. *Cæsarian Rome*, *Comneni Byzantium*, the *Carolingian Empire*—all these have joined the ancient rubbish heap of MISRULE—where Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, Chaldea, Media, Persia, Phoenicia, Crete, and Hellas lie dead, but not forgotten. Pride doth ever go before the fall—and History repeats itself. And still the sorry travesty of *High-Treason* is to play the ghastliest stanza of its *Todtentanz*—the Middle Ages of the *Miracle Creed*!

The Holy Roman Catholic Empire is in death-throes of *dementia religiosa*—for one crucified Jew of legendary make-belief "history," a million innocents have yet to face a more terrible finale than vouchsafed the thrice-cursed unfortunate whose "crucifixion" plunged civilization into a nightmare of hellish hate. *What sins are committed in the name of God and Religion!* Ten-thousand lunatic scoundrels run amuck, *Holy Writ* in hand—to put their fellow men "*to the question*." The *wheel*, to break the bones; the *iron virgin*, to disembowel its entrants; the *spider*, to wrench asunder jawbones; the *auto da fe*, to roast victims in its holocaust; the *rack*, to stretch tendons and sinews to the breaking; the *iron cage*, to see its occupants die of famine and thirst; the *God's Judgment*, to eat with boiling oil the fingers seeking to extract the ring from its caldron. The whole paraphernalia of *Holy Office* to enforce the *inquisition*—in the name of the *Prince of Peace*!

The holy *vehmgericht*, with its secret tribunal and the masked assassin's dagger pinned to bodies! Every neighbor in deadly fear of informers—reason bereft! To think aloud, to sing, to be silent, to laugh, or to cry—each action may be interpreted as treason. Hell let loose on God's green earth, and no angel of mercy in sight—save in the form of merciful Death, and escape from such sights as these! The *Thirty Years War*—laying an entire continent to waste! Rapacious mercenaries, Catholic and Protestant, Hussite and Calvinist—the *Te Deum* sung in some places; "*ein feste Burg*," in other places. Hymns of victory and thanksgiving—amidst charred ruins and carcass. "*Hie Huegenot*," and "*Hie Papist*,"—the toll of *St. Germain's* bronze bell ushers in some more massacres. Several centuries of things such as these—and even Mother Earth vomits forth the foul breath of the "*Black Death*" that adds a finishing touch to the heart-rending infamy of man gone mad, *stark mad*! And yet, in those "en-

(Continued on Page 60)



☞ *My Secret of Youth I Give to You*



# EAT Your Way To BEAUTY

By Victor G. Rocine

## BLOOD IRON—THE KEY TO BEAUTY

*(Continued from previous issue)*

THAT lady whose blood is charged with food iron needs no tongue or fist artillery to rule the home. Her power of fascination is as great as that of fabulous sea-nymphs. She is not only beautiful, but also magnetic. Iron-charged blood sweeps through the blood vessels like water under high pressure. The building of beauty and the generation of magnetism require a liberal iron diet. Look at the faded beauty of the anemic lady. Is she magnetic? Does she not make us think of bleak November days? But the lady with iron-charged blood is like a love-dream. She is always in high feather, a social magnet of attraction. She is as interesting as an alluring love novel, as reanimating

as a brain tonic is revivifying. Indeed, blood-iron is the test of charm; it is nature's beauty-brush, the battery of magnetism, the convincing letter-writer of love, poetry and romance. But the girl who lacks blood-iron appears as lonely and forlorn as a solitary dry tree in the hills. One would think that she was born in a November wind-storm of Siberia. She can never captivate the hearts of men, nor stir the admiration of women. However, when she is "dolled up," she looks like a painted mummy. She can cast no spell upon heart and mind. Her skin artist is on the outside, while the lady whose blood is charged with food iron has the skin, hair and lip artist on the inside, beneath the skin. Nature's cosmetics for beauty-building are in the blood. Food iron (not drug iron) is the inner beauty artist. Red, healthy





*Miss Sally Rand, whose magnetic beauty and radiant health has made her a star in De Mille pictures, ascends the throne of beauty this month unchallenged.*



*"Keen appetite and quick digestion wait on you and yours" — Dryden*

blood has cherry-like lips, a warm, vivid skin-tint—often the envy of the anemic lady. Blood-iron produces a soft complexional tint of beauty. Tempting youthful freshness, the color brightness of the rose, the vividness of health, the spirit of charm, the magnetism of allurements and the skin of lovely beauty are principally in the blood, when the blood contains food iron.

That woman whose blood contains *all* of the essential elements is a lady of rare beauty. She can catch the fancy of men, win the admiration of women, attract innocent children, gain and retain the love and devotion of her loved ones and attain her goal in life, without the use of tongue thunder and mouth artillery. She wins through her beauty, amiable manners, sweet disposition, serene mind, controlled nerves and personal magnetism.

#### IRON—ITS FUNCTION IN THE BODY

Iron is nature's complexion specialist; nature's greatest color artist. It is essential for life and vigor, oxidation, the manufacture of nucleo-proteins and for the formation of red corpuscles. Menstruation and productiveness are impossible without iron. It is the center of magnetism. Normal blood-pressure—the force and efficiency of the circulation and respiration depend upon it. Heat generation is nearly impossible without it. Conception, perfect offspring, and power of transmission are faulty processes without it. It is the carrier of free oxygen and one of the elements of life. It is alarmingly consumed during pregnancy, hemorrhages, stomach trouble and menstruation. Woman's beauty, charm, youthfulness and influence depend greatly upon blood iron. It is dangerous to permit the iron supply in the blood and body to run too low.

Twenty to thirty milligrams of food iron are normally needed each day, but much more is required during menstruation, pregnancy, after hemorrhages, in old age, at times of stomach trouble, and blood diseases. So long as the blood is well charged with iron, the blood is immune to germs. Health is impossible without iron.

#### IRON HUNGER SYMPTOMS

Iron hunger symptoms are: Menstrual ailments, clotted blood, menstrual colic, anemia, pale, yellow-pale, pale-blue, or alabaster-like skin or complexion; heart palpitation, crying

tendency, panting for breath, noises in the ears, flying pains, sudden perspiration of some part of the body, hot face flushes at times, perhaps positive dislike for sexual participation, fear of pregnancy, menstrual hemorrhages, hemorrhages in the lungs, sexual weakness, aching deltoids, tendency to fibroids or tumors in the uterus, vaginal itch and burning, hysteria, urinary ailments in some cases, drowsiness, partial deafness, throbbing in the pelvis, pit of the stomach, head, neck, ears, chest or arms; rushing of the blood to the face, at times; heavy limbs, or thighs, or hips, or neck, or eyes; weakness in the small of the back, bearing-down sensations, prolapsus, miscarriage, profuse, faulty, or suppressed menstruation; shudders, female complaints, old age looks, trembling spells, flickering, jerking in the eyelids, fondness for the woods, hills, or ocean where air is in abundance; weariness of life, sudden complexional changes, dusky complexion, sore chest, tender nipples, knotty, perhaps varicose veins; shooting pains, creepy sensations, thin, else tar-like blood, heart trouble, disturbed blood-pressure, fidgety tendencies, "craziness," tendency to borrow trouble, desire for tonics, falling hair; lost grace and beauty; fussiness.

Possibly ninety percent of women suffer from iron deficiency. An *anemic* requires a diet rich in food iron, food chlorin, food magnesium, food albumin, food sulphur, food sodium, food potash, food iodine, food calcium—a diet low in moisture and carbohydrates. They need rest, a high altitude, or a trip on the ocean, and iron greens in abundance. In time, former charm and beauty will return, but never from drugs and bloody operations.

#### HOW FOOD SODIUM EFFECTS HEALTH AND BEAUTY

Sodium, or its compounds, takes an active part in the bile function. It carries carbon dioxide from the body to the lungs for excretion. The blood plasma, the blood serum, lymph, lungs and spleen are hungry for sodium. Sodium keeps lime in solution, and prevents lime hardening, gout and calcic rheumatism. Sodium helps to prevent the coagulation of the blood. It keeps fibrin in solution. It helps to preserve the alkalinity of the blood, stomach, intestines, saliva, synovia, and of the joints. If the spleen is not supplied with sodium, blood trouble and diseases follow.

*(Continued Next Month)*



# THE LAST DAYS OF ATLANTIS

*The Story of a Forgotten Race When Men Lived Like Gods*

By A. Nouredin Addis

## CHAPTER III

### THE BLOOD SACRIFICE

"And God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually."—*Genesis VI, 5*

FROM his cell Eorwynn could hear the breakers as they lapped against the beach. He had always loved the sea. Now as he sat listening, he recalled the first time he heard them—when he, with his mother and elder brother, had gone to dig for clams, and to wade in the surf. His mother had been dead—why, he could remember that visit to the beach more vividly than he could his mother. And a mother is man's dearest friend. How he had missed his mother's care and teaching! With Birul, his brother, it was different. Birul had been a little savage from earliest childhood. His father's training was better adapted to Birul's rough, brutal nature. And now Birul, too, was dead. Poor Birul! He might have been different had he been reared under a gentler environment. Of course, Red Karu had other wives, but those wives had children of their own to occupy their lives; they had no time for their husband's orphaned eldest sons.

He dragged his couch under the high, barred window of his cell. Standing upon it, he tried to reach the deep stone ledge. Had he been able to do so he would have drawn himself up and tried to steal a glimpse at the sea. But the window-ledge was beyond his reach, and he remembered that old Lasor, the fierce-eyed but kindly surgeon, had cautioned him against any violent exertion that might reopen his wounds or heat his blood. So he did not jump for it, although he could very easily have done so, even without the couch under his feet.

As he stood there the door opened silently and Lyortha, the British nurse, entered.

Except for her coloring the girl might have been Atlan born and bred. Her hair was cut squarely around from side to side at a level with her ear-lobes in the style of the foreigners, and her dress was the robe and sandals of Atl. Such

ornaments as she might otherwise have worn, with the exception of a pair of massive earrings, had been sacrificed to her profession, to which also was due the snow-white of her robe. A turban-like head-dress of white, from beneath which gleamed the ruddy gold of her hair, completed her costume,

"What art thou about, O chief?" she demanded sharply, yet with a suspicion of a smile.

Eorwynn blushed. "I hoped that from this couch I might reach the window," he returned.

"Reach the window?" she repeated. "Why wouldst thou reach the window? Didst think to escape in that way?"

"No,—not to escape. I but hoped to see the sea from there. I love the sea, O Lyortha."

"Thou shouldst have been born at Atlan, then, instead of Briton, Eorwynn. They are ever making voyages by sea from one part of the world to another, while Britons live for generation after generation in the old stone huts and caverns of their fathers, killing wild animals, eating their flesh and wearing their skins, marrying the daughters of the friendly tribes, and stealing those of the unfriendly ones,—fighting, living, loving, and dying, just as their fathers have done since the beginning of time. It is unfortunate, this being a Briton,—yet I would be nothing else. The Atlans call us savages, and so we are. But what wouldst thou, O chief?"

Eorwynn paused a moment, balanced upon his precarious perch, and with his head bowed.

"Yet thou art no savage, O Lyortha," he said slowly, as he stepped down upon the stone floor and stood beside the nurse, "nor yet, I fancy, am I. To me it seems that my friend Coros, the learned and noble foreign youth, hath the right interpretation of the mystery. It is his opinion that our cold and rugged climate doth make life so hard for the Britons that they have too little leisure time to develop the arts of civilization,—and not that the necessary intelligence is wanting in them."

The girl looked at him inquiringly. "It seems



that Coros has taught thee much," she said, "and of things that do not often occupy the thoughts of British savages. Who is this Coros?"

"He is a student under Lord Tekru, the High-Priest of the Temple of the Sun. He, an Atlan born, was brought, with his mother, to the Kirat many years ago by his mother's brother, a ship-captain. This is the story as Coros himself tells it. Nor goes he ever back of the time of his arrival here in Britain. It is as though his coming marked the creation of his race rather than a distant emigration. Yet, I surmise, did we but know, behind it all lies a tale."

"Thou thinkest him deceitful, then,—perhaps a traitor's son?"

"On the contrary. Coros is the truest friend one ever had. It is as one who has lived two lives; where the first life ends there begins the second. And he has no wish to go back into his first life. This means, I think, that though it ended when he was but a babe, it was fraught with some terrible experience."

Thus the boy and girl, first thrown together by their relationship of patient and nurse, then finding an added interest in their community of race, talked of many persons and many things. Usually they spoke a British tongue, one of the more widely spoken dialects of South Britain. However, no Briton, unless he had been educated in the learning of the Poseids as well, especially the Atlan tongue, would have understood their speech, for it was so filled with foreign terms that had no equivalent in the rude native dialect.

As the days passed the nurse came no more alone. She visited her patient, indeed, but always accompanied by one or more Atlan priests. Understanding the Briton speech but imperfectly, if at all, they abruptly cut short their conversations.

Finally there came one day when Lyortha visited Eorwynn in his cell alone. Her dilated eyes, furtive and eager, and her quickened breath hinted at the difficulty with which she had succeeded in eluding the ever-watchful priests. They hinted at other things as well, but Eorwynn was not able to know that.

"Thou art chosen to attend the Atlan festival of the Sun-God on the morrow," she whispered brokenly, as she softly closed the ponderous door behind her.

"The festival of the Sun-God?"

"The priests are even now busy preparing to make thee ready; thus it is that I succeeded in escaping their watchfulness."

Much as he had come to look forward to the visits of the young nurse the boy had yet failed

to analyze his feelings. He had simply attributed the eager longing with which he had awaited Lyortha's coming, even when attended by her guardian priests, to a sense of loneliness inspired by his enforced separation from his giant follower, Ilu. The suggestion of any greater or more personal feeling had never found lodgement in his consciousness. Eorwynn was young and his adolescence had largely been taken up with tribal warfare and the study of the wisdom of the foreigners.

Now, as he saw the tears leap to her eyes when she delivered her message, he felt a strange emotion surging up within him. He wondered if it could result from the information Lyortha had just given him, for the emotion was strangely akin to fear, yet was like no fear that he had ever experienced. Nor could it be that in any case, for this order for his attendance at the festival must be good news. The midsummer festival, he had learned from Coros, was a time of gladness—of rejoicing. The meaning then was that he would be set free, or, perhaps, that he would be given a chance to do battle for his freedom. Even if the latter it was better than being cooped up in prison. Still he failed to understand why his voice trembled when he spoke to the nurse.

"Why dost thou weep, O Lyortha?" he asked, and as he asked a great light broke in upon him, and he knew.

"I?—weep?" she exclaimed, striving to smile, and at last achieving a tremulous, fugitive little smile. The action of smiling forced the tears from her eyes. They ran down upon her cheek.

"Aye, thou dost weep." A great surge of emotion swept over the boy as he seized her hand. "Thy great eyes are swimming in tears."

He crushed the girl to his breast, kissing her upturned face with the quick, passionate, yet half-diffident kisses of youth.

"Beautiful eyes," he murmured. "Eyes like the sea, blue, with changing green lights,—like the sea that I love."

At first the girl clung to him, trembling, eager, returning his kisses; then she pushed him from her.

"No, Eorwynn, chief. This is not the time for thoughts of love. Tomorrow thou goest to the Temple of the Sun-God. I have seen thy friend, Coros. He is faithful and true, both he and old Lasor, the physician. Trust in them. Afterwards, shouldst thou—"

She broke down now, weeping openly.

"Should I—what?" urged Eorwynn, again seeking to take her in his arms. "Cease thy weeping, Lyortha, dearest; cease thy—"



A quick step in the corridor interrupted him. The rattle of a key in the lock. The door swung open and three lesser priests of the Sun-God entered. Behind them followed a number of servants bearing steaming vessels of water, oils, unguents, perfumes, in short, whatever might be necessary for rendering the young Briton seemly and acceptable in the sight of the Sun-God on the morrow.

"Ha, I see thou art well employed, British dog!" cried one of the priests, whose sharp eyes had detected how things stood between the prisoner and the nurse.

Then, turning to Lyortha, "Begone, hussy!"

"Shouldst thou still think of me after tomorrow, I shall be waiting." The girl spoke to Eorwynn as though completing the sentence broken off a moment earlier. She spoke in the Briton tongue, which the foreigners could not understand; but the meaning she conveyed was not the meaning she had had in mind before.

"Think of thee!" cried the young man, unable to take his eyes off the girl. "Dost fancy that once free I shall cease to think of thee? No, Lyortha, I shall return for thee, and thou shalt be my wife,—perhaps tomorrow ere the night-fall, perhaps another day—yet shall I come."

"Farewell, then, O Eorwynn!"

"Farewell, dearest girl, thou'lt await my coming?"

"Aye, my beloved, even unto the death—and beyond."

Again the priest rasped out his short, insulting command. Without a backward glance the nurse went.

\* \* \*

Under the high vaulted dome of the Temple of the Sun the sacrificial fire flamed high with an angry hissing sound, and was reflected back in the enormous golden image of the Sun-God himself which graced the center of the arch. Upon the elevated altar-stone, between the altar itself and a huge stone table heaped high with fruits and flowers, stood Lord Tekru, the High-Priest. Other priests were grouped nearby to assist their chief in the business of the sacrifice, or to chant the praises of the Sun-God as their varied duties chanced to fall. Next without the priestly circle stood the colonial dignitaries, the Poseid governor and his assistants, magistrates, the two or three nobles of Atlan who chanced to be visiting the colony, the scientists, and the most prominent and wealthy of the merchants. In this circle old Lasor, the surgeon, stood well to the front, next the priests; and Coros, the student, stood by his side. Without the circle, row upon row, filling the capacious temple to

overflowing, the Atlans of Kirat massed themselves to the very foot of the altar steps.

Eagerly, with rapt silence, the assembled worshippers watched Tekru perform the ceremony of the sacrifice of fruits and flowers. Little by little the sacrificial flame consumed these pure offerings of the fields to the sonorous chanting of the priests. At last the great stone table stood empty.

Swinging censors, the sweetly acrid fumes of which were designed to fulfill the double purpose of appeasing the Sun-God and driving away the powers of darkness, the assembled priests circled the altar while Lord Tekru voiced his petition to the All-Powerful Sun-Father.

"Receive thou, o God of Gods, O Sun-Father, our offering, the fairest plucked from the bosom of Earth! O Great One! O All-Powerful! O Sun, accept we pray!"

Every eye within the temple was fastened in fanatic passion upon the sacrificial flame as Tekru pronounced these words. This was the crucial moment to the worshippers; for if in response to the petition of the High-Priest, the sacrifice were accepted and the wrath of the Sun-Deity appeased, the hissing flame should have diminished, become placid, and quickly burned out.

But, whether or not it was some trick known only to the High-Priest and his satellites, or whether it was a genuine phenomenon of Nature, the flame rose higher, the hissing sound grew to a roar.

A great shuddering sigh rose from the assembly. It was a sigh, not of relief, but of renewed tension. The mighty Sun-God had rejected the sacrifice.

A murmur ran through the waiting multitude. The murmur swelled; it became a clamor. A wave of madness swept over the communicants. From suplicants, reverently humble before the altar of the Sun-God, they suddenly turned into an angry, homicidal mob. "The Blood-Sacrifice!" they screamed hoarsely. "The Blood-Sacrifice!"

"The Sun, Our Father, is angered against us," cried out one fiery-eyed fanatic in the congregation. "Too long hath he been denied the blood of our enemies!"

"Aye, Tlimal speaks truth," cried another. "Let us offer up the British captives."

Lord Tekru, the High-Priest, extended his arms toward the yelling multitude.

"Peace!" he enjoined them. Then, as the voices were hushed, he said,

"The Sun-God hath spoken."

*(Continued Next Month)*



DR. M. N. BUNKER *says*

# WOMEN *are no longer a* MYSTERY

*Every little stroke and scribble has a meaning all its own! The passions of men and women are an open book before the x-ray science of the Grapho-Analyst who reveals the innermost secrets of true character; who reads in every stroke of the pen the writer's loves, his hatreds, his integrity, his dishonesty, his hidden genius and vocational aptitudes, his sex-secrets and his romances. He gives you a picture within a picture—a general sketch of the writer's soul ideals, mental capacity and physical make-up—the exact human emotions that predominated his true intentions at the minute he penned his words. You may escape man-made laws, but who can escape the natural laws of God that govern man, and the cold, analytical science of the grapho-analyst who sees all, and knows more that he may tell you—when confronted with mere words—in your own handwriting!*

GRAPHO-ANALYSIS deals with the innermost secrets of the human mind. It tells what the writer really is in the depths of his nature. It explains problems that seem unexplainable; it makes clear effects which have seemed to have no cause.

In accomplishing these things Grapho-Analysis is exact. It is a science that, while revealing the real nature of man, has come down through a course of development that is centuries old. Indeed, far past the day of Neolithic man this science has its root and being. First man, squatted by the seashore, grunted and growled as he ate his kill. He snatched from his mates, and fought for his own interests. But after a time something awoke in his heart. He looked at the she, and knew that he wanted—wanted!

And he came to possess, which meant that after a time he went out to make the kill not only for himself but for the she as well. The centuries rolled by, and again something stirred within the depths of those primitive natures. They felt the desire to communicate—to leave messages for one another.

So they drew pictures—crude, some of them certain and clean-cut; others indefinite, weak. But in each case those first written messages were a reflection of those who made them. If the nature was strong and forceful, then the hand that made the picture dug into the soft clay or sand, and gouged out gullies. On the other hand, the weakling made a wavering, uncertain picture. He was putting the awakening soul of him on paper.

Still more centuries went by until man had formulated an alphabet and was writing words. Then he put curlicues on his writing; he made heavy strokes and thick curves.

He was registering the soul of himself, only it was a more advanced—a more developed soul. He was thinking. He was capable of a greater, more complete picture because he had more to record. Instead of crude lines of a primitive soul there were the finer lines that filled out the picture, and gave it expression. Individuality had come.

From such a heritage we have Grapho-Analysis, the science of inner revelation that is serving mankind today. It is a science of tremendous detail just as man is the result of unlimited minor qualities correlated and made one. It is a science of unfailing accuracy, because after all it is the "survival of the fittest" that has measured its every hour of growth.

With such a science a man in India may be known to a man in New York with no more than a written page between them. A lover may know his sweetheart, even as the sweetheart may know her lover. Parents, eager for the guidance of their children, may know the mental development that is taking place, and may understand where otherwise they would be puzzled, and uncertain.

This science takes the handwriting of "Cheiro," world-famous palmist, consultant to European royalty, and explores the depths to the limit. It tells of tremendous emotional depth, and expression. To an understanding of beauty that would be rivalled only by a great artist. It tells of determination, and a will that knows no failure. It shows initiative, and energy, and activity, and loyalty to ideals of right.

But more than all of these qualities it plumbs depths that only the man himself can know.

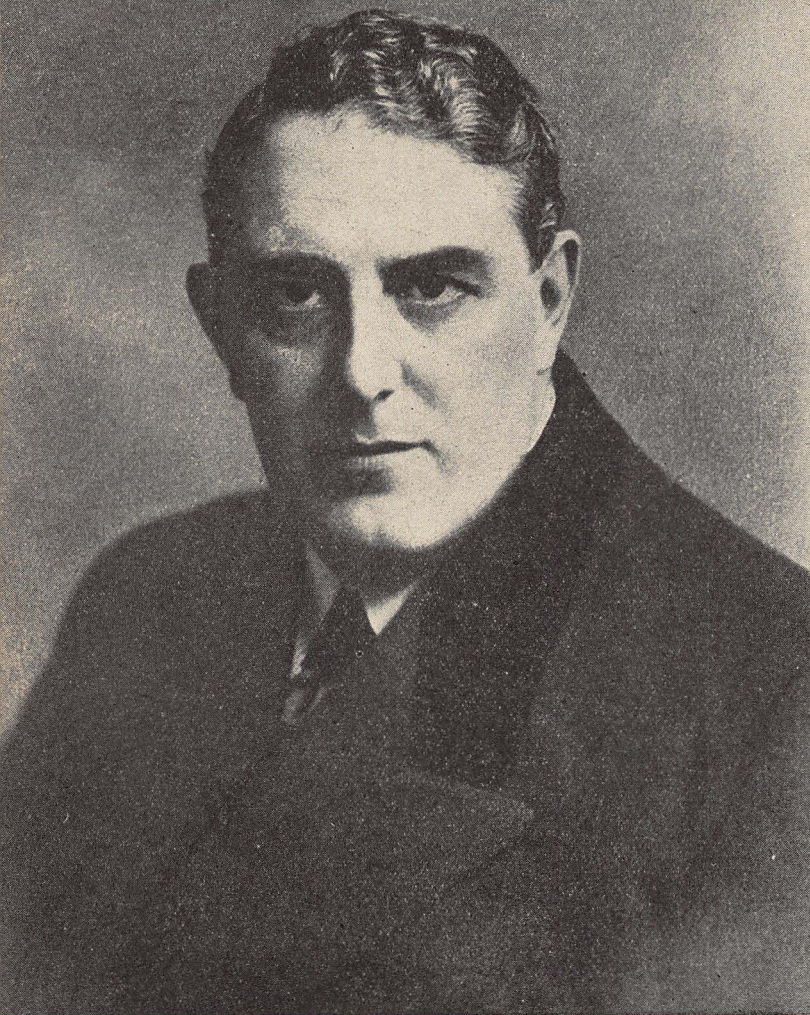




*Styles Change in "This Thing Called Love"*



*Very Sincerely Yours*  
*"Cheiro"*



Dear Dr. Bunker:

*I have received today your analysis of my character from the sample of my handwriting submitted to you. I can only say, it is most accurate in even the smallest particular. In fact, fairness compels me to add, that it is such a remarkable description of my disposition and character—that it is absolutely uncanny in its truthfulness.*

*Very truly yours,*

*"Cheiro."*

It never fails to do this. Even as I write this I recall the story of a young lady whom I shall call Elise Mayo. It is not her true name, but the story is true—startlingly so.

A friend of the young lady called me one wintry day and said to me, "Dr. Bunker, if you ever helped anyone, I want you to help Elise Mayo. You helped me. You taught me the road to myself—my real self, but this girl needs help. Will you see her?"

It took almost all of the afternoon to help Elise Mayo find herself. She was only a girl, frightened, uncertain, one whose life and soul had not been her own. She should do this, she should do that, until only a meaningless opaqueness was taking the place of the

real personality of a girl with tremendous possibilities.

We went over the problem time and again. I knew what the girl could do. Her handwriting told the story, crying for expression through the cramped confines of her life. She showed ability. Her handwriting showed that she could become an executive, that she could be a woman to wield an influence, rather than to sit back in one corner afraid to call her soul her own.

It was not an easy task to show her these truths, but finally her eyes began to brighten. She was feeling a stir of confidence that she had been afraid to have until she saw the truth of other traits her handwriting told. But she



*"The science of Grapho-Analysis makes it possible for you to actually know your lover—whether you want him as your mate. You can do this from ordinary love-letters that uncover vital traits of character—that tell the secret of his ability—his natural talents, so that you may have future insurance—love insurance, if you wish to call it that."*



had to recognize some of the facts I laid before her. She could not fail to see that her handwriting was telling some truths about her, and as she recognized some, she began to see that all I told was possible.

That was more than two years ago. Yesterday her employer told me that she had changed a hundred percent in the last year alone. She is just on the edge of a promotion to an executive position. She has found herself by following the road her handwriting pointed out.

In traveling this road she has cast aside one sweetheart, whose writing told of a nature far different from her own. She has become a sympathetic guide—a woman who ac-

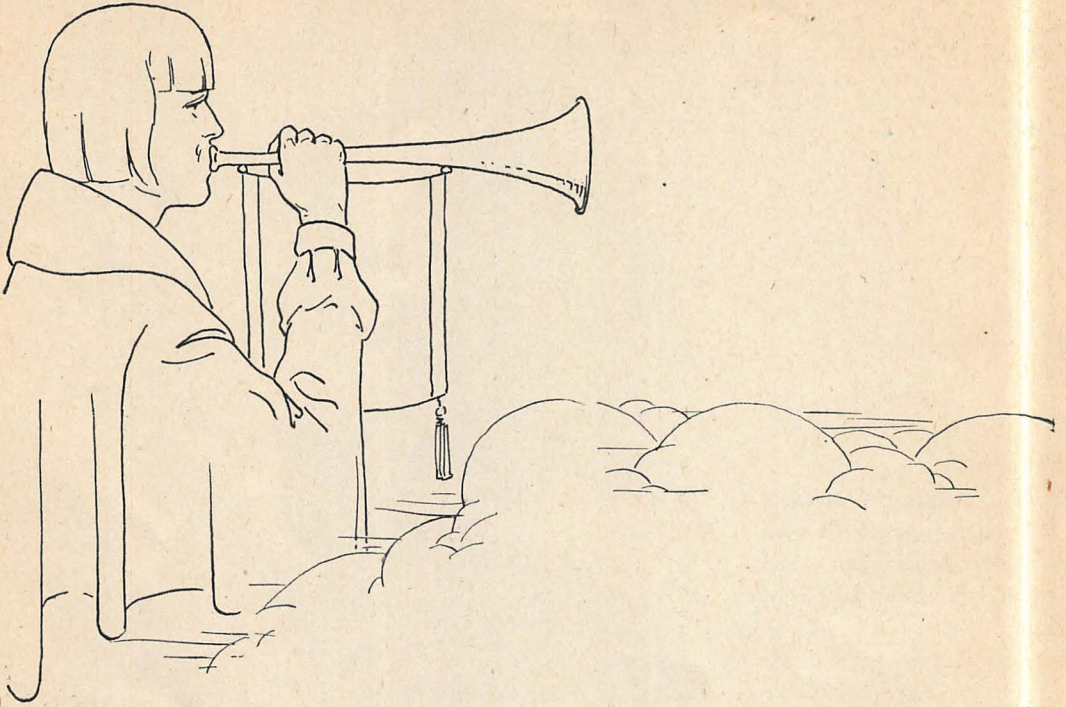
complishes results. The timidity—the fear—is gone, and in its place the real personality is growing.

This is a true story. The real woman lives, and is succeeding.

Her writing is telling a new story. Weak and uncertain angles have left her personality—and they have left her writing as well. Her t-bars have grown strong, and conquering. Her nature has grown decisive and emphatic, and her handwriting has registered every change.

Always it is done. Your handwriting—the handwriting of each of your friends—reaches down into the depths of each nature, and tells the innermost story.





# ABIE “*Passes Over*”

*A Land Where Truth is Stranger Than Fiction*

By VERENA G. KOEHLER

PART II  
ABIE ATTENDS HIS OWN FUNERAL  
(Continued from previous issue)

**L**ONG and earnestly Abie and Brother Donald talk. A new world is being opened up to Abie. No, not one, but several. So many things have happened since he was in the accident and woke up on the other side. Now he has to face the fact that he is dead—at least, dead as far as the world he has always lived in is concerned. He is dead as far as his wife and mother can understand—and yet he knows that he is alive, more alive than ever, but living on another plane of existence. It is all so new, so strange. Can he ever get used to it? The whole thing has a feeling of unreality; or is it that the other world—the dense physical world—is the one of unreality and this the real one? Different, they are—how different! Many, many questions he asks Brother Donald. At

last he is satisfied. Or, he has mentally accepted the fact that his physical body is dead and he is now living in the spirit world. But Brother Donald is explaining further.

“You see, Abie, you are like so many others who believe, theoretically, in a future world, and yet actually do not. Mentally you have accepted what has been taught you, but you have not made your belief really a part of yourself. You have done that for only what was recognized by the physical senses. Although you believed in life after death theoretically, when the body died, to you the man was no more. Your own imagination never actually carried you across the chasm of death to life on the other side of the veil. The change has come to you as it does to most people, with a shock. If you could have known—but, of course, you could not picture yourself in surroundings such as these.”

“No, Brother Donald, I couldn’t.” Abie is



subdued in manner. His old foundations have been swept from under him. "Nothing I have done for years has prepared me for anything like this."

Brother Donald smiles. "Your treasures were of the earth earthy; and can do you no good here. You come of a race which is famous for its accumulation of things earthy. Vast treasures—which they, like you, must some day leave behind."

"But," Abie protests, "that isn't all they are famous for."

"Quite right," Brother Donald agrees, "yours is a heritage which is rich in the ability to do other things than gather wealth. Among your people may be found those who have attained greatness along many lines—artists, musicians, scientists. Many things have they accomplished which were not of the earth. They are a great people. One of their most remarkable characteristics is their ability to adjust themselves to conditions which would break the spirit of those less strong. That heritage, too, is yours. In time you will be able to adjust yourself to your environment over here."

"But doesn't one ever do anything?" Abie asks.

"Certainly. There is a great deal to be done. Whenever you wish to work, something will be found for you to do."

"But," Abie inquires, "can't I ever see my wife and mother again, and Uncle Jacob, and all the rest? Must I live on and on forever without knowing about them? How they are getting along? What they are doing? And—all the little things one wants to know about the ones he has loved most of his life? Am I always to stay over here and never know what has become of them unless, perhaps, they die too?"

"No, Abie, you can know about them, but the knowing may give more pain than pleasure."

"Why? Why, what do you mean? Aren't they all right? They will get enough out of my business so they will not have to worry."

"They are all right financially, and they are in good health. Your pain will result from seeing them, hearing them talk and knowing that, although you are close to them, they will not know you are there."

"You mean that I can really go back and see them?"

"Yes, Abie, as often as you wish. But remember, I told you that it might give you more pain than pleasure."

"But I must go. How do I get there?"

Brother Donald sighs. "After all, I suppose it is but natural that you should want to go

back. If you wish, I will go with you this time and show you how we travel and explain many matters to you which you might not understand otherwise."

For the first time since Abie came over here he has a feeling of happiness. "When can we go?" he asks.

"Any time . . . If you like, we will go at once."

Abie's face lights up. "I would like to. This must have been terrible for Rebekah and my mother. I want to see them. I must see them right away."

"Very well, then," Brother Donald replies. "First, you must learn how we travel here. Walking is a slow and laborious process and quite unnecessary. As you have seen, matter on this side is very susceptible to thought. If you wish to go anywhere, just think of yourself as going there and you will travel through the air at an incredible rate of speed. Watch me." Brother Donald leaves the earth and goes up into the air almost as far as Abie can see, then he makes a wide circle and comes back close to Abie. All this in a moment's time.

"Now, Abie, you try it," Brother Donald requests, on his return.

"But won't I fall?" Abie asks in very reasonable doubt. Of course, it is likely that Brother Donald can do such things without danger, but Brother Donald belongs on this side.

"You will not fall," Brother Donald assures him. "Just try it. Think of yourself following me and you will find you can do it easily. Try it."

Brother Donald starts off. Abie hesitates, then his feet leave the ground and soon he finds that with no apparent effort he can travel through the air as easily as his companion. And fast—he has never known anything like it. The sensation is decidedly pleasant. Soon he overtakes Brother Donald. As they go along, Abie observes the landscape passing rapidly below him. Or, rather, the landscape seems to be passing, so smooth and effortless is their flight. Others travel as they do. Abie wonders at this. He had never seen them before.

Again Brother Donald anticipates Abie's question and answers it.

"You wonder why you have never seen the inhabitants of the spirit world before? The answer is very simple. While you were in your physical body you saw only what was reflected on the eyeball. Only matter of certain degrees of density is reflected in this manner. As you know, the radio, when it is properly adjusted,



can pick up sound which your ears, unaided, cannot hear. It is something like that with the eyes. The comparison is not exact, but the cases are somewhat similar. Now, for the first time, you are really seeing. But do not expect those who are still in their physical bodies to be able to see you. They cannot, any more than you, when you were still in your physical body, could see any of the many, many things you now see. Also, please remember that the body you now have can pass through dense physical matter, with no harm done either to you or the denser matter. If you will remember that, it will help you to understand many of the things you will soon experience."

"But, Brother Donald," Abie questions, "can I hear and see those who are still on the physical plane, just as I always could? Or will they seem different?"

"Everything will seem just as it always did, except that you can see and hear more; all your sensations will be much more acute. The physical body deadens the emotions somewhat. Now they will have tremendous power. Every joy or sorrow will be magnified many times. I am telling you this so that you may, in some measure, be prepared for what is to come. Do you know where we are?"

Abie looked down. "Why, yes. This is the city where I live. I mean—" Abie is somewhat confused, "where I used to live. There is my store—but let's not stop there. I want to go to my home."

They go in that direction. As they approach, Abie notices a number of cars parked near. As he comes still closer, he sees a hearse. Abie is startled. A funeral—at his home? He looks questioningly at his companion.

"Yes, Abie," Brother Donald replies, "whose funeral did you think it would be? Who has died recently?"

"You mean—you mean—it's MINE?"

"I'm afraid it is, Abie."

"But I'm not dead. This has got to stop. I'm going to tell the undertaker that I am here and I'm alive. Such foolishness! And such a waste of money."

Before Brother Donald can reply, Mr. Goldberg comes out to the hearse. He is garbed in his usual funereal suit of black, which is a little the worse for wear. On his face he has an expression calculated to express sympathy. A very good undertaker, Mr. Goldberg considers himself. Abie steps up to him.

"Mr. Goldberg."

Mr. Goldberg does not hear.

"Mr. Goldberg."

Again Mr. Goldberg does not hear. He goes on about his duties. If Abie had not stepped out of his way, Mr. Bernstein would have bumped into him. What is the matter with the man? This business has gone far enough. Abie steps up and taps him on the shoulder. That is, he attempts to tap him on the shoulder. What actually happens is that Abie's hand passes right through the undertaker's body without in the least affecting Mr. Goldberg. Abie stands there with uplifted hand, his eyes staring. Blankly, his gaze turns to Brother Donald, who smiles.

"It is as I told you, Abie. No one in his physical body can hear you, see you, or feel you. Did you forget?"

Wildly Abie stares around him for a moment, then he drops his hand and with a gesture of despondency goes back to Brother Donald.

"I did forget. I felt just like I always did. Everyone looked the same—and—and—I forgot."

"Shall we go inside," Brother Donald asks.

"No, not yet. I want to think things over a little bit first. Let's wait here on the porch."

Brother Donald assents and they step out of the way of anyone who might be entering or leaving the house. As they watch, Abie sees his Aunt Rachel approaching with his two young cousins. Aunt Rachel is weeping quietly, but the children seem more interested in looking around at the people and the cars. The younger one starts to count them, but is reproved by his mother. Suddenly he pulls at her arm.

"Why are you crying, Mamma?"

"Because Abie is dead—as though you didn't know."

"But, Mamma, Johnnie Jones, who sits next to me at school, said when anyone died he went to heaven. Anyway he said all his folks did. And he said it was such a nice place that no one who got there ever wanted to come back. Do you think Abie went to heaven?"

"Yes, yes, Izzy. Be quiet."

"But if Abie is there and it's such a nice place, why are you crying? I should think you'd feel glad."

"Hush, Izzy, I tell you."

But here the older brother breaks in. "I betcha she thinks he didn't. Jack's father works in Abie's store and he said that if Abie went to heaven he wouldn't want to go there because Abie'd be working the angels to death and not paying them nothing either. I betcha Mom knows he didn't go there."

"Children! Children!" Aunt Rachel is hor-



rified. "Not another word." She grasps each by the arm and hurries them into the house. As she goes she sighs, "What is the next generation coming to?"

Abie has been listening intently to all of this. Now he shakes his head like a swimmer coming out of the water.

"Was that pretty hard to take?" Brother Donald sympathizes.

"It was." Abie hesitates. "Perhaps we had better go in. Shall we wait till someone opens the door and go inside with them?"

"Not unless you want to. You have forgotten another thing I told you. We can pass through any dense physical matter; so let us pass through the door." Together they approach the door and to Abie's surprise it is as though it no longer existed. They pass through with no difficulty at all and enter the home—every corner of which is familiar to Abie. It is here he has lived almost as long as he can remember. His father bought the house when he was a small child. What a wonderful place he thought it was. He supposes other people consider it old-fashioned, but to him it is home, and he has never been able to think of parting with it. And now they are going to hold his funeral here. His funeral! How foolish it all is, when he is here to see it. If only they could know. Someone enters and Abie hastily shrinks back against the wall, determined that no one shall walk through him if he can prevent it. It didn't hurt him in the least when his hand passed through Mr. Goldberg but the sensation was far from pleasant and he doesn't want it repeated if he can help it. There is something about another person's touching you and not knowing you are there that is—well, Abie can't find just the word he wants, but knows that it is an awful feeling.

He and Brother Donald go into the room where the casket is. Abie supposes that his body must be inside of it but has no desire to look—not yet, anyway. He would rather observe the people. The Rabbi is there. So are most of his relatives. Sitting by herself is his wife, Rebekah. Her eyes are red and she is still weeping. Rebekah!

It seems only yesterday that he brought Rebekah to his home. His wife! How proud he had always been of her. There wasn't a more beautiful woman in the city. Abie had always wondered what good fortune was his to win a wife like this.

Her sobs are increasing. Abie cannot stand it. Slowly he moves over to her and sits down in the chair beside her and puts one arm around

her, murmuring softly, "Rebekah." But she does not hear him. She does not see him. She goes on sobbing harder than before. Abie's mother comes in. Seeing Rebekah sobbing so brokenheartedly, she sits down in what to her seems to be the empty chair beside Rebekah. She attempts to comfort her. Abie is terrified. With a cry of rage and sorrow he springs up and goes straight to Brother Donald who is at the back of the room. Nor does he stop for anything that is in his way.

A shaken and pathetic figure he makes. This is more than he can stand. To have his wife and mother feeling so badly because he is dead and yet actually is there, in the same room with them,—and they didn't know it! They even—yes, he might as well say it—his mother even sat down on him and didn't know he was there. It is horrible! Terrible! Could anything be worse?

But the service is about to begin. At first Abie pays but little attention to what the rabbi is saying. It is the usual order of funeral service and—to Abie, with the many things he has to think of—not especially interesting. But now the rabbi is speaking of him—what he has done for his mother and the community, how well he has contributed to various charities. Abie doesn't mind this so much. He glances toward his cousin who was talking about him when entering the house. Under Aunt Rachel's eagle eye he is now quiet, and he even seems to be smiling. But on looking closer Abie is undecided as to whether the smile may be one of pride in him or one of derision at the good things the rabbi is saying. Maybe Abie had been a little hard in his business deals, but business was business and he had to do it. Wasn't it the way Uncle Jacob had taught him? He looks about him for Uncle Jacob. There he is with Aunt Sarah. But he looks old. His sturdy old figure seems bent under the weight of this additional sorrow. Uncle Jacob had been a hard taskmaster, but just the same Abie likes him.

Memory takes Abie back to the time of his father's death and funeral. Nearly twenty years ago now. He—Abie—was just fifteen and wanted to be a musician like his father. He knew Uncle Jacob didn't approve of his father, and he wondered why his mother had married him. He remembered clearly his father's long illness, during which Uncle Jacob did everything possible for them. Then after his father's death, Uncle Jacob took him aside and talked with him. His father had left nothing but the home, and that was mortgaged. He—Abie—



must go to work. Uncle Jacob was starting a little store. Would Abie like to work in it? And, would he like to take charge of it as soon as he understood about the beezness. Yes, it was Uncle Jacob who had taught him all about beezness. Even the word "beezness" he pronounced like his uncle did. And beezness to Uncle Jacob meant shrewdness, hard work, and hard bargains. He must have been an apt pupil for in a little while he had bought the store for himself, and it had prospered beyond his most extravagant dreams. It had taken fifteen years of his life. Perhaps it was thrown away; yet he is glad that his wife and mother will not be poor or dependent on their relatives. No, it has not been thrown away as far as they were concerned, but it is rather hard for him now. He can think of little but business. And now there will never be any more business for him.

But he hadn't wanted to be a beezness man. He had wanted to be a musician. He had always kept his piano, though he had not played on it for years. How well he could remember pouring his soul out through music. What a sensitive youngster he had been. And what a refuge music had been for him. How his father had understood. How he could express all his joys and sorrows through the piano. Nothing ever hurt too badly for music to heal. With music, he could rise almost to heaven itself. And what an exalted feeling he had had when playing some of the masterpieces! His father had expected great things of him. And what had happened? His father died, and Uncle Jacob taught him beezness, not music.

But Uncle Jacob was all right. He remembered the time when he was just a boy and had fixed the folding rocker they had so it would collapse when anyone sat in it, expecting Ikey to come in and sit down. A great joke he thought it would be—to see Ikey tumble backwards. But Ikey did not come and Uncle Jacob did—and before he could say anything Uncle Jacob had taken that chair! In his imagination he can still see the startled look on Uncle Jacob's face as the chair gave way under him and his feet described a neat semi-circle in the air. He was sure his mother would punish him for this, but it was so funny. He could not keep from laughing. If Uncle Jacob hadn't always been so dignified it might not have been so amusing. Then, in spite of the laugh, Uncle Jacob had interceded for him with his mother and he had gone unpunished. His liking for Uncle Jacob dated from that day. Uncle Jacob was a hard taskmaster, but he was a big little man after all.

Many scenes of his childhood pass through

Abie's mind while listening to the sermon. But now it is over and the pallbearers take the casket out to the hearse. The mourners follow. As they start for the cemetery Abie and Brother Donald follow easily, sometimes near the hearse and sometimes near the end of the procession.

In a short time they arrive at their destination where the casket is taken to the grave. Here it is opened and a pillow put behind the corpse's head. For the first time Abie looks at himself. Can that really be he, himself, lying there? Someway he hadn't thought he looked like that. An odd sensation that—looking at himself. Abie wonders what the rest would think if they were able to see him looking at his old body. After all the body was nothing but an old garment, to be discarded when it could no longer be used. He had always been taught that, but it had not penetrated his consciousness before.

Then he notices that his mother and wife are tearing their clothes. He looks at Brother Donald.

"What a waste of good money to tear that beautiful silk when I am still here," he comments. Why can't he think of anything but how much things cost? It is a habit he has learned too well from Uncle Jacob.

The casket is lowered, and Uncle Jacob reads a prayer; the mourners joining him. Forgetting himself, Abie starts repeating the prayer with the others. Remembering that this is his funeral, he stops.

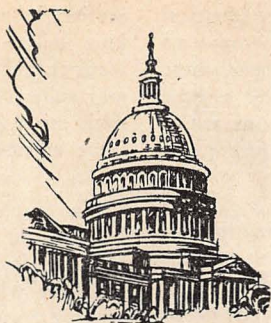
"Oh, what's the use, anyway. Everything's wrong. They are having a funeral for me and I am alive and watching them. It seems like cheap comedy—only it isn't—it's—it's tragedy."

As the mourners prepare to leave the grave, their friends form in a double line and they pass through, the friends expressing sympathy, in Hebrew. Some of them Abie hardly knows. Some whom he could expect to find there, are elsewhere. It is all wrong—everything. This must be nothing but a bad dream and he must soon wake up. Abie wonders how many of the expressions of sympathy are really meant, and how many are made for effect only. There is no way of telling. There is old Mrs. Moses. She has never liked any of them. Yet she seems to be enjoying the funeral. Perhaps she does. Glad he is dead, probably. What a ghastly farce it all is.

But now they are returning home. Abie and Brother Donald follow. Abie's wife and mother go in the house, remove their shoes and sit down on the low benches prepared for them. Abie well

*(Continued on page 53)*





# PSYCHO - ANALYZING A NATION

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## *At the Direction of President Hoover*

The original manuscript of this article on "The Beginning of Mind-DISCRIMINATION—The End of So-Called Crime" was laid before the National Commission of Law Observance and Enforcement, commonly known as "The Wickersham Commission." It has created wide interest amongst officials and thinkers. Many of its suggestions have already been adopted by our leading law-makers.

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By CHARLES J. CLARKE

(Continued from previous issue)

90

The response to That in and beyond animal and plant life which is necessary to our existence, as food, drink, the air, earth, sun, etc., is the awakening of the eighth, or common sense of honor. The sense of immortality, the ninth sense, is awakened when the individual views the immortal works or actions of others, and is inspired to do that which makes for immortality. The tenth, or Absolute Sense, is awakened in Mastership from the generalizing power of the subjective mind, in the recognition of Truth, when in the words of Jevone, "The discovery of unity amidst diversity," is made; or when in the words of Tyndall, science makes progress in its task, "The verification of the ideal in nature."

(91)

The object of a true intelligence test should be to lay bare the nature and development of the inner character, which fixes the aims and conduct of the individual, for in the words of Plato, "Character is destiny," and thus determine the fitness of the individual for self-government, with a specific noting of the degree of his or her ability to resist internal suggestions.

(92)

We now have a magic lens which enables us to see through the "wall" around subjectivity, whose former opacity and impregnability was indicated in the mystic declaration that it was "built of iron bricks laid in molten brass."

(93)

This magic lens is called "The Essential Axiom," and is defined as, "An entity and its attributes or manifestations are identical in essence," and with its aid the intelligent observer may view the former mystery of the Invisible Presence—The Thing in Itself.

(94)

Before exploring subjectivity in detail, it is desirable to gain a clear idea of its general nature, that we may see the natural relation of the individual elements to each other and to the whole, and more readily recognize their true reason for, and the why of, existence; thus becoming able to translate our findings into terms of intelligence.

(95)

There in subjectivity is the race memory, now being rivaled in the volume, and in the detail, of the contents of mighty lexicons, wherein are found many different names, arising from



different viewpoints, for many things identical are some essence; and in mind economy we classify or cross-index for ready reference, these many things identical in some particular essence or nature, and give to them a class name which includes all the other individual names given to them.

(96)

This mental act is called generalization, or the intuition of truth, the perceiving of the identity of a certain nature of different things, made possible from a wealth of detailed memory, and is one product of deductive reasoning which is of high value, but only to the extent that the inductive reasoning of the objective mind precedes it and establishes the facts and fixes in memory the premises from which the deduction is made, otherwise error would result in generalization\* from insufficient data.

(97)

The subjective mind, lacking in inductive reason, is, as its name implies, properly subjective to the objective mind, although being at the same time indispensable to the latter because it is an immense storehouse of memory, and the actual builder and sustainer of the life form over whose objectivity the objective mind naturally rules.

(98)

We shall make this idea clearer with an analogy in which the king of a country is the objective mind, and the sum total of the minds of his subjects is the subjective mind.

99

In former times before printing and the omnipresent reporter made possible the universal dissemination of information concerning past, present and future events and facts, the king, in response to the instinct of self-preservation, which in his case also includes Race Preservation, or the continuity of his subjects, was compelled to use an extensive staff of servitors to privately obtain the domestic and foreign information necessary to anticipate, and thus to become able to adequately guard against danger from within or without his realm.

(100)

The king, being forewarned and forearmed, gained by his subjects a respect mounting to reverence; and this ability of the king to set up an independent inquiry to ascertain or establish facts, would be the possession of Inductive Reasoning, which the minds of his subjects, or subjective mind, lacked, or possessed only to a minor degree.

(101)

In this analogy there is correctly no discrim-

ination between the two minds, *per se*, for a king might be forced by a conqueror or an usurper, to become a subject, the alien or former subject becoming king; mind being identical with mind if one mind with the other has the same accessories, faculties, and experience.

(102)

The integrated mind, or "will power," in Mastership has its analogy in the natural mutual loyalty of king and subjects in an ideal kingdom where true intelligence, whether proceeding from king or subjects, or from whatsoever source, rules.

(103)

While it is evident that no perfect analogy can be made between the subjective life and the objective life, and that analogy in detail is odious; yet because we have no authentic record of either an immortal human body, or of an immortal national body, could we find the actual, or even a contributing cause of the mortality of either, it might prove to be the identical cause of the mortality of the other.

(104)

It is now known that loss of "will power" results in the disintegration of the human personality, from which the obvious corollary arises that development of "will power" results in the integration of the human mental personality.

(105)

"Will power," in its correct sense, is just the willingness of the subsidiary elements of brain and body to accept the leadership of the central consciousness, and to remain loyal to its purpose, or, to return again to the analogy, the soldiers' and citizens' willingness to accept their king with a loyalty that inspires them to extreme sacrifices to do the king's will, which in an ideal kingdom would also be the subjects' will.

(106)

"Will power" is thus just another name for the integrity or oneness of the mental organization of the political or the physical body; and with this correct understanding of just what "will power" consists, the mystery which so long has obscured the true nature of integration and integrity, disappears, and with it the difficulty of developing "will power" to the uttermost.

(107)

Confidence in the true intelligence of the ruling ego, or the executive, is the first essential; and to maintain this confidence among the intelligent individuals of either the political or the physical body, a favorable reflex to their mental and physical needs is required.



(108)

This reflex or response from true intelligence results directly in a healthful optimism in the political or the physical body, without which, "will power," with any exalted degree of actual or potential force, is impossible, for with the presence of rebelling elements, or disease, in the body politic or physical, there can be no certainty of realizing the resolutions or determinations of the "will."

(109)

Thus an executive with foresight acquaints himself with the wants and wishes of all subsidiary elements, becomes interested in, and acts, upon any suggestions of value emanating from them, makes right their wrongs, responds to their needs, removes all needless burdens and restraints; thus restoring whatever is lacking that complete national or individual integrity may be gained and maintained.

(110)

The executive, or ego, thus becomes true to his true self, or intellect, and has the actual or potential power of the political or the physical body to aid in executing his volitions, thus making possible that uttermost confidence in the integrity of the national body, or the individual self, which gives the inspiration to act in the accomplishment of Great Aims, and then in the words of the poet, Ella Wheeler Wilcox:

"Even death stands still,  
And waits an hour sometimes for such a will."

(111)

Helen Wilmans Post affirmed the mortality of the human structure was caused in a lack of complete conscious co-operation between the Objective Mind and the Subjective Mind. She outlined this need of integration in the following lines, illuminating for both the individual and the national life:

(112)

"It is the *unconscious* power in substance that has unflaggingly exerted its energies all through the ages; it has never tired; it has never ceased; it has had a fixed, definite intention to organize forever and ever in the endeavor to unfold a being with such *consciousness of his own power* that he could stand alone against the obstacles of his sphere of environment. It has struggled along and alone through all the intermediate forms—from remote being in organic development—to man; and when it has failed to reach him, or having reached, failed to make him maintain his own in the face of death and environment, it has disintegrated in him but to reorganize and try again. It has disintegrated in him for want of his conscious co-operation.

He has lent an unconscious accumulative force; but *conscious co-operation* on the part of the organization—this is the harvest the unconscious effort in substance has been reaching for. For the need of this determining influence—though the unconscious effort of the universe is to uprear lasting organic structures—the unconscious effort must fail; disorganization must take place and the change called death ensue."

(113)

It has been affirmed that Truth—the IDEAL—is immortal; but the pseudo-scientist's absurd reversal of this proposition is not necessarily correct, for it does not follow that that which has stood the test of time is Truth, or Ideal; nor that because a thing "has always been that way," or existed so long that incorrect mortal judgment has come to consider it infallible, it should not be changed, or its existence limited or ended.

(114)

For proof of this we have only to examine the facts of biology. There it is evident, especially in the lower forms of life, that life designs have become dominant and adjusted to their environment indirectly and through that process of elimination known as "the survival of the fittest," which means "fittest," not in any absolute sense, but only in a relative sense from the viewpoint of environment; that is, out of a multiplicity of life designs, continually subject to mutation in the advance of the Ideal, only those designs meeting with limited environmental resistance ultimately find permanent expression.

(115)

It should not be inferred because those expressed designs—life forms—best fitted to cope with their environment become permanent species, that the most ideal life designs are necessarily realized, on the contrary, an untoward environment may often favor the expression of those designs alone which are receding from the ideal.

(116)

It does not even follow that the so-called divine human form, Deified in primitive times, is at all Ideal; and Sir Oliver Lodge, commenting on Professor Ernest Haeckel's book, "The Riddle of the Universe," writes as follows: "With regard to the possibility of Revelation, or information derived from superhuman sources, naturally he (Haeckel) ridicules the idea; but, in connection with the mode and origin of life on this planet, he makes the following sensible and noteworthy admission: 'It is very probable that these processes have gone

(Continued on Page 61)





# JA

## Through of a

By JULIA

*A Sketch of the Author  
from Life.*

*(Continued from previous issue)*

### PERSONALITY

An understanding of the types of personality is gained by studying them on the street and in the transportation centers, or in the shops and the gangs of workmen. One is struck by the many mixed types of faces and forms. They are similar, yet very dissimilar. However, it does not take long to differentiate between the types, even in spite of the mixture.

There is one type that is strong, very physical, short of stature, dark, sturdy, almost bearing the marks of the first blood of the original race.

The second type is taller, finer in form, but strong and sturdy, evidently living more on the mental side than does the first type, yet very

attached to the physical things, although much more given to finer things.

The third type is quite tall, strong, virile, not physical, but very much of a mental type; much lighter in color, longer faces and heads—thinkers as well as workers, creators, leaders, military in bearing—something of the university figure. These have a really wonderful personality and they often made me wonder if perhaps there was not mingled in their veins the blood of those whose religious ardor had made the Japan of the ancient days, and perhaps tinged with warrior blood of the protectors of the race. At least there are signs that seem to indicate that these are the reincarnated masters of the past, and it does not yet appear what they may be in their own day and generation.



# PAN

## The Eyes Mystic

SETON, MD.

*Taoki Tatsuna, a famous  
Japanese beauty*



All these types mingled perhaps in one personality make a truly curious individual personality. On the streets they give an interesting object for the study of mass psychology.

Another thing that cannot fail to impress the foreigner is the sandal-shod feet of the multitudes. The sandal shoe divides the big toe from the rest of the toes, and when the feet are clothed in the soft, black stocking-boot it gives an uncanny look to the feet. A crowd of workmen coming down the street look for all the world as if they were cloven hoofed, and this cloven foot continues wherever one goes. It is to me the most distinctive mark of the race. In the ports anywhere, where Hindus, Chinese and Japanese workmen are together, one can pick out the Japanese at a glance because of this

cloven hoof appearance of their feet.

The new Japan is discarding this sandal and, as Japan rises in consciousness, it will see in this only a symbol of weakness. The new Japan is shod, strong, secure in western shoes, and until Japan can make a better shoe than it inherits; it will go on becoming westernized in its feet. One stops to consider that the mystics say the feet are the symbol of individual wisdom. Surely the wisdom of Japan is increasing in the degree that it sheds the hurdle of its feet. It is true that no one thing counts much in itself alone, but all things work together for the final good of man, and as one gains freedom in one direction he finds it unexpectedly springing up in another place.

(Continued on Page 54)



# T · I · R · E · S



## A Weird Tale of Black Magic ∞ By H. F. JAMISON

*(Continued from previous issue)*

"He instantly dissolved before we could get him out.

"The color of the finished mixture was such a beautiful blue-black that we went on and moulded the tires. Well, sir, we never could wear them out. They were used around here on a delivery truck for four years. I finally put them on an old Ford and traded them to a nigger for a shotgun.

"He tried to rue back with me the other day. He said the car was 'ha'nted,' but I told him to get out. Now I wish I had taken them back, as I could have put on a wonderful advertising campaign with them. But if I ever run across them again, I will know them, for I cut three little crosses on each tire right at the side of the Flesko trademark.

"And now, Mr. Barnyard Sleuth, I am going to try another experiment with cur-dog flesh." And, as he spoke, he struck the detec-



tive a deliberate blow in the face with all his force.

"Then, once more, everything grew dark. I felt myself slipping—falling—falling!

### III.

When I came to myself I grabbed the thermos jug and finished its contents at one great gulp. My brain seemed to be roasting, and my eyes were as coals of fire! I had dreamed the most vivid dream of all my life.

But, after all, it was not to be wondered at in my starving, thirsty, condition. The constant thought of, and the fruitless search for my brother had almost driven me mad! How much longer could I go on? But I must go on—searching, searching, until—the end.

Stiff and sore I climbed wearily from the old car and turned toward the long open pike ahead. Then I looked back at the dilapidated car.

"Goodbye, old Ford. I'm not much rested, but the water saved me, and—"

But, spellbound, aghast, rooted to the spot, I stood. Hypnotized and dumbfounded are mild words, for what I saw was no dream. I was very much awake now. Cold sweat burst from every pore of my forehead, as my eyes, glued to those tires, noted with unmistakable distinctness three little crosses crudely cut at the extreme edge of the bright-red trademark—FLESKO TIRES.

"What'za matter, brother, you sick?"

I looked up and through my burning eyes I dimly saw a man of my own race standing near me.

For a moment I could not speak. My only answer was a gasp. When I found my voice it sounded like that of a stranger, and as though it came from a distance.

"Do you—believe—in—dreams?" I stammered.

"Yassah, yassah," he replied. "You know Daniel inter—inter—interrupted de King's dream."

"Interpreted, you mean; but that was a long time ago. Is there anything in dreams today?"

"Do'n' know, sah; spec dey is, tho'—What fo' you ask?"

My answer came evasively: "Do you know who owns this car?"

"Yassah, yassah—hit am mine. I traded a shotgun for it; but I'se skeered o' it. Hit am ha'nted. What you give me fo' it?"

"I have nothing to give, but I will appreciate it if you will tell me WHERE you traded for it."

"Sho' I'll tell you. Hit ain't no secret. I got hit from Cap'n Darelli ovah at de big factory about ten miles frum here on de big hill."

"You spoke of the car being haunted; just what do you mean by that?"

He glanced at the car, gulped and said:

"Well, sah, sometimes hit jest natu'ally shakes all ovah, sorter shimmies lack—settin' still lack hit am now, wid de engine not runnin'. I went to sleep in hit 'while ago, an' dreamed de deviliationist dream I ever heered about. Dat's why I lef it. I lack to run plum off. I been two hours a gittin' back. When I got in sight o' it and seed you, I thought maybe I'd trade hit to you."

"Will you tell me your dream?" I queried.

The negro glanced about, his eyes rolling.

"I don't lack to tell hit, sah, but de tires seem been made outen a corpse. When I woke up de car was a mile from where I went to sleep in it, sah. Nevah ketch me in hit again. I'se gwine trade it to some brave man who ain't skeered o' ha'nts."

While he yet talked the old Ford began quivering and vibrating all over, like some weird, frightened animal. The motion resembled that made by the running motor, but the engine was still.

It's owner backed away, the whites of his eyes getting larger and larger, his knees knocking together in abject terror.

"If you'll git me my watah jug outen dat cavortin' debble, you can hab it. I'se done wid it fo' EVAH."

I walked to the now motionless car and took out the thermos jug, and started to give it to him. It exploded into thousands of pieces before it reached his hand.

Distance, now, was the sole objective of that darkey. He reached up and got his old hat. Two seconds later I saw a faint cloud of dust far down the road, and smiled in spite of the uncanny thing.

Without a moment's hesitation I climbed into the car—my car—the first one I had ever owned and it a gift! I took my place at the wheel. But before I had turned the switch



the motor started and the strangest vehicle ever used by mortal man turned into the highway.

I had not yet touched the steering wheel. I felt that I knew where I was going. Providence was directing.

The motor purred like a satisfied jungle cat.

We had been travelling something like twenty minutes, when I saw the hill and the strange buildings of my dream. The car turned in at the main entrance. I had reached my destination. I knew it as well as I knew that I lived and breathed.

I felt no superstitious fears such as the colored man usually experiences when face to face with the unexplained and supernatural. I was now a messenger of vengeance sent by the God of Heaven. I looked toward the buildings with a heavy sigh. I stepped back to salute the old car. The tires had disappeared, and it was slowly settling to the ground upon the bare rims!

I lifted my eyes to Him upon the throne: "Master, as the children of Israel went into the fiery furnace, so I go into this inferno, —trusting you. Amen."

#### IV.

There I found a doorway which was covered over with a large spider web. The strands were as fine as silk, yet stronger than any steel wire.

Behind the web stood a girl, dark like myself. She was a vision of dazzling loveliness as she looked at me intently, then smiled a wan, sad smile.

"For some reason your dream was interrupted before you reached this far," she volunteered. "I am a princess of India whom the gods intend for you. You are not a negro, as you suppose. You and your brother were stolen from India when very small children, and you were brought up by negroes of the better class. The gods have seen to it that you have been properly educated. Your dream of a ministerial calling will yet be realized. I love you, I have always loved you in my dreams; likewise, you will soon love me.

"Do not speak to me yet, or the spell will be broken. With Oriental mysticism and your own chosen Christianity, we must combat with Satan, the Prince of the Power of the Air. We cannot fail. When the mystery is complete, you will know and understand all.

"You are now going into great danger here, but keep the man of Calvary ever before your eyes. Take this small stone. It is like the one with which David slew the giant Goliath. It has been hidden for many centuries to await your hour.

"Through the medium of Black Art, the man Darelli, whom you are soon to meet, has been made a special emissary of his Satanic Majesty. Already his Soul is a part of Satan's, but his career is soon to end.

"Cut a piece of leather from your shoe top and make a slingshot, as David did.

"Go, now, my prince, be unafraid. These steel strands will be but cobweb when you return for me. **BUT DARELLI MUST BE SLAIN FIRST!**"

I gazed at the marvelous creature, and loved her, I was beginning to see, as through a glass darkly. Even then the mystery was beginning to clear.

From the top of my shoe I cut a piece of leather and fastened a stout string to each end. I placed the stone carefully in this sling. The girl then pressed her face against the steel web; I kissed her, and then resumed my strange journey.

A cry burst from my lips at the unbelievable sight which met my gaze. Into the great rubber vats human beings were being hurled, dissolving, bubbling, seething!

Behind locked doors Darelli sat before his mystic table.

Rap! Rap! Rap!

No answer to his summons. Then he smashed the table with his great fist. An audible sound came forth.

"My familiar Spirit? Rap three times."

The knocks followed.

"Very good. I want the spirits of the magicians who stood before Pharaoh, and who lost their rods before Moses' necromancy. Answer two raps when present."

A pause. An answer.

"Very good. Now I want the Witch of Endor to whom King Saul went for information." A pause.

"Present? Very good. Now, damn you, I want better service than Moses or Saul got. Here, assist in this oracle. All ready? All set? Let's go."

Carefully he spread the cards on his table, all the while talking to his familiar spirits. His brow lowered darkly and his lips jerked



in nervous contemplation of the "layout" before him.

But once, annually, under the Egyptian Astrological Prophesae, was he allowed a self-reading or the spell would be lost.

The King of Spades lay on the table, representing himself.

The Jack of Spades, having fallen next, was what had knitted his brows. This showed a rival at hand. Being the seventh card in the twenty-one circle, it portrayed a *dangerous* rival. The seven of Spades; the nine, reversed; the trey of Clubs fell "clear" or "unattached," indicating "NEAR FUTURE."

He trembled visibly as he slowly drew forth the deuce of Spades, reversed, telling at a glance, both *time* and the number of days allotted. Reversed—"days turn to hours," he quoted. "Within two hours," he almost gasped, "the Prince comes, and then, —"

He turned another card.

"The ACE of Spades," he gurgled. "Death!"

His trembling fingers flew with lightning-like rapidity to every seventh card in the "circle."

"Death, Death," he chanted, "Whom shall it be?"

He rose to his feet as he fairly jerked forth the next card. Then his eyes raised, and he gazed into space, his features distorted with inconceivable hate.

The card proved to be but a simple four of Hearts, a "double-deuce" as it is known in Pharaoh's BOOK OF THE DEAD, meaning equality, or "indecision." No other card is allowed drawn after that one, as it shows that the Spirits of the Kings wish to withhold further information.

With a sweep of his hand he scattered the deck all over the floor.

"The Prince, or myself—which? Curse you, spirit of the Egyptian Magicians, curse you, Witch of Endor! You don't intend for me to know? Within two hours—well, I am ready."

He kicked the door open and strode out.

Darelli saw me. He knew me, and at a glance, the veil was torn from my eyes. I knew and understood all. What he said thereafter was but Heaven's confirmation.

He waved his hand. Everything and everybody became motionless. His voice cut the air like a bandsaw cuts wood.

"Drain Vat No. 1 down to a four-tire quan-

tity only. Here is THE PRINCE. Once he is conquered, I shall be given power over a fourth part of the earth."

A strange, demoniacal smile engaged his wicked mouth.

"Prince, you are a great man, but, as yet, unrenowned. I can give you the greatest opportunity ever given mankind since Christ. The fool Nazarene rejected my father's offer to give him all the kingdoms of the earth if he would fall down and worship him. See what happened to him. He died on the cross. Listen, Prince," here he smote his breast in majestic pride, "do you know who I really am? Of course you know me, the great Sataro, the first born of Satan. Merely bow the knee to me just one time and repeat these words: 'I herewith renounce Christianity and all its false claims,' and, as proof of my power, your raiment will immediately change to purple and fine linen."

I looked at him.

With all the scorn I could command, fearlessly I looked straight into the depths of his eyes. I knew that he feared me, or he would never have made me an offer. The devil, once he has gained power over any man, he proceeds to use it to the limit and allows no leniency whatever.

"Darelli-Sataro," I answered.

The very heavens seemed to listen, all became as still as death.

"With your great Satanic mentality, recall the book of Jude in my own Christian Bible, and these poor, miserable beings who have endured your murderous intolerance, so long shall hear your doom."

"Yet Michael, the archangel, when contending with the devil he disputed about the body of Moses, durst not bring against him any railing accusation, but said, 'The Lord rebuke Thee'."

But these speak evil of those things which they know not: . . .

Feeding themselves without fear: clouds they are without water, carried about of winds; trees whose fruit withereth, without fruit, twice dead, plucked up by the roots: raging waves of the sea, foaming out of their own shame, wandering stars, to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness forever."

As I finished speaking, the silence continued for a full minute. Sataro was now far from me, but his face began twisting, his eyes glowed like an acetylene torch, and he roared



as a lion roars. I knew that I was in the presence of one who represented Satan and the power of Hell itself.

Slowly, carefully, securely, I fitted the stone in the sling. Sataro came towards me. He crouched like a huge gorilla, foam issued from the corners of his mouth, he gnashed his teeth and chewed his tongue. His fingers curved like great eagle claws. He shouted:

"Stand back everybody, I want to tear his flesh into tidbits and eat his heart raw—stand back!"

I felt a touch on my arm and wheeled quickly, expecting an attack. The detective, whom Darelli had had bound in my dream, stood beside me, urging, "Take this gun. You are the one who should finish him. If you can't kill him, I will. Start shooting now."

But I pushed his hand away gently and answered:

"Thanks, I'll try this first. If it fails—"

"Well, I'll be damned," was his polite reply, but I noted that he kept the advancing Sataro covered with a heavy revolver.

I drew the sling and threw with all the force of my weakened body, now made strong by an unseen power. The stone struck the monster squarely between the eyes, and sank deeply into his forehead.

With a piercing scream and a loud splash he fell into Vat No. 1. A hissing, bubbling, seething sound followed. He had disappeared. With startling brilliancy a small, white stone floated upon the surface of the inky vat. A sea of faces rushed toward me. It seemed that hundreds of negroes of all sizes, ages, and hues were kissing my face and hands. Once more everything became blank.

The great car ran smoothly. When I aroused I found myself rolling along a picturesque highway. At my side was seated the Princess. The detective was driving.

"Coming 'round O. K., I see. Poor fellow, he'll be shipshape again, as soon as he gets a few squares under his belt."

Then, I was informed that forty-eight hours had elapsed since the blank of darkness had fallen about me. The car turned in at a small railway junction and stopped. The detective got out, removed his hat and bowed low before us. Here he would catch his train for his headquarters.

"No need to ask my name," he explained. "I am merely a secret service operative for Uncle Sam. The Princess, here, has told me all and has the necessary papers to prove all claims. Darelli left quite a roll. It is yours—sort of a life insurance policy on your brother, so to speak.

"The Princess will tell you all about the fire. The entire plant burned. Even the bricks turned to ashes. Reminded me of Sodom and Gomorrah. I couldn't dope it out; perhaps the Princess knows.

"I divided a truck load of money among those poor devils up there. They lost everything. Nothing was saved but Darelli's car. It is yours. There's a bill of sale in the side pocket signed by Darelli personally." Here he winked knowingly.

"Splendid tires on the big bus, too. They should be extra tough. I think a couple of gentlemen who formerly wielded bull whips have contributed to their durability. Should last you a lifetime if Darelli's claims were correct.

"Well, goodbye and good luck. I hope you and the Princess live happily ever after, as they say in fairy tales."

We were alone. The lovely being at my side was holding the wheel. She leaned over and kissed me.

"My very own," she said.

"Yes, dear, your very own, forever. I have been so dazed by the amazing events of the last few hours that I could scarcely speak, but all is now clear to me. It is you for whom I have been searching—the Princess of my dreams. It was not to avenge my brother, for vengeance belongs to God. He will repay. To be yours, to know that you are mine, far more than compensates me for every sorrow, every pain which I have endured in my wanderings. Kiss me once more—the seal of our betrothal."

I held her close, kissed her tenderly, then passionately, for I knew that I had found the one who could be all, everything to me that mortal man could ever ask of woman.

The car started noiselessly, and on Flesko Tires we rolled smoothly along the great highway—the open road, with a wonderful, glorious world ahead of us.

*The End.*



# SILENCE—

## *The Lightning Path*

By C. F. RUSSELL

A CHAPTER of a text-book on Magick is headed, "Of Silence and Secrecy: and of the Barbarous Names of Evocation." One looks in vain for anything pertinent to the first half of this title. Without any preliminaries, the author goes on to discuss the second topic. There is not a word to elaborate the first. Elbert Hubbard's famous essay on Silence is another attempt to teach this valuable lesson of silence. Opening the book, the readers find nothing but blank pages. As everyone knows, silence is the fourth power of the Sphinx.

Perusing the numerous volumes written on Mysticism, Magick, and Hermetic sciences, one is strongly impressed with the fact that the majority of initiates and teachers do not know how to keep silence. More frequently than not, their pages simply drip with hints, suggestions, and allusions to secrets which they and a few privileged adepts know but do not care to divulge to the lay public. One realizes that it is impossible to produce a worth-while thesis on occult phenomena and methods unless attention is drawn to symbols and processes, the full meaning and nature of which it would not be advisable to disclose too plainly. Nevertheless, since a little knowledge is a very dangerous thing, very often the safest policy is to speak right out and to leave the results of one's candor in the hands of those guardians appointed by authority to watch and to ward the sanctuary.

Vanity and pride are habits that must be overcome by the adept who would learn to keep silence. The emotion connected with these habits is the specific expression of the ego. The real master has destroyed his ego and is therefore conspicuous in his manifestation through the absence of this emotion with its concomitant signs and indications. The black brothers are just the opposite; they are incomplete masters, not having conquered the Demon of the Abyss whose chief peculiarity is that he can never keep silence.

The great philosopher Berkeley considered it a marvel that any thinking individual could contemplate seriously the wonder and beauty of the universe without being immediately aware of the presence of its creator. I suggest that the reader meditate upon these remarkable characteristics of divinity, namely, that God does not boast, or make any insinuations that can reach the ears of either the unworthy or the worthy. He knows how to keep silence, and He does keep silence. Contemplation of this sublime truth should convince the earnest seeker after enlightenment that the exercise of the fourth power of the Sphinx is actually the quickest, easiest, and best way to accomplish the great work, that is, union with God.

One can use this power to achieve other things. One can enter the silence during any act or ritual using one's own performance as a talisman to produce some desired end. Entering the silence means to absolutely forget the result you desire to obtain. Silence is a positive attitude. It arises through concentration on the feeling of assurance, or sureness. If you are about to do something concerning which you can make no mistake, you will have a feeling of confidence, certainty, which, in some cases, can approach to joy. This is the real significance of what is termed Ekagrata or one-pointedness. This does not mean that your aim or object must be a single thing, but rather that there is nothing whatever to separate the idea from its execution. It is the reality of that entity termed volition which always unites the intention with the movement which fulfils it. Strive through meditation to isolate and identify what takes place at the moment of the birth of any activity, whether a thought or a physical movement, and you will learn how to attain Ekagrata—the key to Samadhi.

Whatever works well works without attention. For example, you say to yourself: I will typewrite this letter in order to obtain means to build my house. Then you proceed to type-



write the letter, not once thinking of your original affirmation. If you can do that you will find that the typewriting of the letter has actually generated in you the force to solve your original problem. Here is the secret. Your act and your thought have become one, in time, simultaneous. Two planes manifest, or symbolize, the same identical idea or spirit. This constitutes a marriage and harmony, or what is called an act of truth or silence.

You can arouse the state of mind proper to an act of silence by concentrating on an image of yourself equal to the actual fact. Thus, if you are typewriting, imagine yourself as just where you are—typewriting. Transfer your consciousness completely to your imagined figure, which coincides in time and space with the actuality. Forget the actuality and identify yourself in consciousness with the image. If you do this correctly you will be insensible to any pain or other sensation which accompanies the actuality and you will be astonished with the result.

You can increase the enthusiasm which comes through this practice by uniting the thought and its materialization in a sort of dance by speaking and willing at the same time, bearing in mind what you are doing on every possible plane of being.

Another aid is to make dynamic the idea of instrumentation. For example, while copying a manuscript you let the words, letter by letter, pass through your mind, into and through your fingers and the keys of the typewriter, or the stalk of the pen or pencil, out upon the paper. Concentration and drill make this a wonderful exercise.

While you are silent your true will is being accomplished. Those ideas which are uppermost and dominate your mental atmosphere are harmonized and blended together while you forget them. "The voice of the soul in its nature eternal and unchangeable, comprehending all, is silence. The voice of the soul dynamic in the way of its will, is song."

This method can also be used to awaken the Kundalini. One of my pupils while writing a short note, using this method of concentration, experienced such a burning sensation at the base of his spine, that he had to pause, being afraid, in order to relieve it.

During any true magical ceremony one forgets the purpose of the ceremony and the process of invocation or evocation and becomes automatic, independent of the conscious will, just like the operation of breathing. You can often energize your enthusiasm, at times,

merely by sneezing for a definite purpose. One way to do it is to think of what you want just before you are ready to sneeze and forget it entirely while sneezing. Another way is to hold on to your desire in a formless state during the act. Another useful scheme is to concentrate so intensely on your desire that you forget you are sneezing!

You can take an act or function, something that is easily forgotten, like pulsation, and consecrate it to do something for you. When an act becomes automatic the conscious and the subconscious are connected at that point and become one. Some part of you is always in the silence, and may be employed as a spell to acquire or to generate the power to do what you will. This is the goal of Karma Yoga.

The way of Tao is to let the mind do its own thinking; the body its own acting. This way is linked with the final perfection of the Sphinx. But aside from this there is a phase of extremely practical magick, which is suggested by the phrase in *Liber Legis*—"always unto me!" An act in the silence (an act of which you are quite unaware) is always "unto Nuith," because everything which increases the power, health, or sanity of a person brings them that much nearer to "Nuith"—to the consciousness of the continuity of existence and the omnipresence of Her Body.

The best acts to choose from are those which are of art, such as song, or the dance or analogous operations. First, declare your will and manifest it in some sign. Make a mental picture of what you wish to become, or the desired event, or make a statement as a fact of what you propose to do. Affirm it and assert it as true. Concentrate upon it to the absolute exclusion of everything else. Banish everything else from your mind. Remember that thoughts and things are not made, but are born of the marriage of two other thoughts or things. This is the secret of working with the subconscious, either for bringing up an idea from the hidden wisdom within you, or for generating an event from the subconsciousness of the world. Christian Scientists have a part of this formula, which accounts for their occasional success. Now that which you have formulated will come to pass, or will bring about the chosen event, when you enter the silence. Remember that the only thing that ever keeps any idea from being immediately executed the moment it arises in your consciousness is the inhibition of your other ideas. The moment you have achieved the formulation described—and forgotten it, it begins to



function. The sooner you recall your archetype the more immature will be your results. Leave it alone. Forgetting also must become automatic. If you make both your act and the design silent you will generate double the force. The symbol or purpose of the operation is in the silence (with God); you are unaware of your act, whatever it may be, so that is also in the silence. In reality they become united.

Rituals, in dramatic form, work by this species of magic to convey a truth to the mind of the watchers and likewise the actors. The best drama will be the one which conveys the Truth of the Cosmic Sacrament. The best way to do this is to use the whole Universe in the Play. That is easier than it sounds. The Tales of the Round Table give fertile and pertinent examples. For instance, read about Merlin and Vivian.

The above formula can also be adapted to what is termed the formula of transmutation. Take your purpose and incarnate it—make it concrete. Change its plane from the concrete to the intangible or abstract but keep your firm hold on it. Make it formless but do not loosen your grip. This is like thinking of an idea but refusing to let it formulate in words. Now perform some act which has a natural climax, such as diving. At the instant of the climax bring up your idea with—a splash, if you are diving! A thought held in this manner becomes a center of attraction, gathering all kindred thoughts with which it has a link. When it is released it drags along with itself into your consciousness a host of new ideas worked into harmonious and intelligible fabric.

There is another adaptation called the Formula of Invisibility and of Consecration. All things exist—but there is a certain reality that depends solely upon communication and intercourse, use and experience. In order for a thing to be real for you, you must have with it some common point of contact, a magical link. Everything which communicates with your consciousness constitutes a practical dealing of God (reality) with your soul, and you can so interpret it. The union between your own soul and that of the Second Person of the Trinity is intimate and profound, but it depends upon your own will and character that it should continue. Before man was driven from the Garden of Eden, the sex functions were united in one body which was androgynous.

(Continued Next Month)



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# A DANGEROUS PASTIME

*A True Story from Real Life*

By MARIS WARRINGTON

*(Continued from previous issue)*

Afterward I thought of Faust and the old legends, but the deed was done; now I am wiser.

It was ever my habit to pin a man down to his agreement—business agreements should always be recorded in black and white—and then the document holds good in any court of law should the necessity arise for settling the claim.

Query: You are silly now; this is only a pack of nonsense, and you could not make me keep any agreement of this kind with a spirit.

Answer: I don't know about that. I have ways and means of compelling you to be obedient to my will now that you have signed. We will however be lenient in the matter.

I promised to tell you how I came to take an interest in you. It was at that Circle. But first of all let me tell you something about myself.

Not so long ago I went on a journey for the benefit of my health. I returned in a metal case. I had worked too hard putting bonds and stocks in cold storage.

When the end came, I was out driving; at least, that is my last conscious recollection of earth. I can smell the fragrance of the flowers even now. For it was springtime. I wish I could picture for you the beauty of the spring in that old world city.

On every street corner stood the flower vendors, in their picturesque costumes, their dark eyes smiling into the faces of those to whom they offered their sweet-scented violets.

The whole world was steeped in sunshine, in flowers. I was surrounded with all that was beautiful in architecture when I closed my eyes. I remember feeling faint and drowsy. I must have sunk into a coma that lasted some time. But at length I awoke. I found myself floating above the clouds, just as if I were viewing the world from Pike's Peak. The sensation was a very pleasant one and I thought I was dreaming.

I wished myself back in America. In the twinkling of an eye it seemed to me I was there. I found myself in my office. The clerks were busy at their occupation. In the street below a perfect babel of sound was rising. It sounded

to me like the roll of distant thunder or waves beating on a rocky shore. In life I had never noticed that wave of sound. I went to my desk. It was just as I had left it. My people evidently did not disturb things until I was buried.

The one thing that struck me as being odd was the fact that no one took the slightest notice of me when I entered or left. I found I could smile, frown, rage or weep, not a face changed its expression; it dawned upon me then that I was invisible to them all.

I went to Connecticut, where once I loved to roam the hills, before ambition had scorched me with its cruel flames. On the way I met Phillip Brooks. In the old days I knew him well.

"Well, of all people; I thought you were dead!" I exclaimed.

"I am," he answered; "but so are you, my friend."

"That is impossible; I will not believe it!" I cried. I was such a power in the world, I was aghast at the thought of being dead.

"Your power is ended now, and soon, very soon, you will be forgotten. You are of no account whatsoever, and the lowliest mortal has more power than you have; for to the world you are dead."

"But there are so many things that I have left unfinished. So many deals that ought to be adjusted. I really must speak to some one; I must, I must!" I cried in anguish.

"You might talk until doomsday. There are few who will listen. Still, if it will be of any consolation to you, I will take you to a place where you can make yourself heard. But you may as well give up the idea, for if an angel came down from Heaven, people would not believe him today, but say to themselves that it was an optical illusion of some sort or other."

And so it was that I learned my first lesson. Only one mind gave me the credit of perhaps speaking the truth. That was yourself. I went over and stood by your side, and afterward, when the meeting broke up, you talked to a lady in black. You admired a little vase on the table made of terra cotta; you spoke of its artistic lines, its symmetry of mould. I became inter-



" . . . I thought of Faust and the old legends, but the deed was done; now I am wiser."



ested as the conversation turned to sculpture, and when you went home I went with you to your door, for I thought you a charming and graceful little woman.

June 18th, 1913.

Good afternoon, ladies. How delightful it is to come to a place where we know and feel that we are expected, and know that a welcome awaits us. I seldom go far from you, Brenda, for you are a great comfort to me. There is something about you, I know not what, that draws me like the needle to the pole. I feel compelled to come back to you. In life I was

never interested in these psychic matters, so I am beginning as it were in the kindergarten. My so-called death only occurred very recently, and as yet *I have not left the world*, I can always see the world beneath me. It is like being in a balloon. I have not tried as yet to penetrate beyond earth's confines. I am told that a great dark belt surrounds the world, and that it is not a pleasant place to cross, as it is the abode of those who are *earth-bound*, those whose lives were evil and full of sin.

Do you know I have not any inclination to investigate those other worlds which I am told



exist beyond the stars. I fear that my attraction is backward, instead of forward. A strong magnetic force seems to draw me irresistibly towards the vicinity of W—— St. I still find lots to interest me there.

I cannot realize that I am really dead. I cannot see how they can possibly get along without my assistance. My interests were so many and so varied that I just have to see how the world gets along with others holding the reins of power. Then I met you, and now, I must say that I have lost that desire to go out into that vast *Beyond*. Old New York is good enough for a while.

I must say, that I find this earth space teeming with interest. Some day I will tell you how it feels to die, to have to go, leaving all your work behind you for other hands to finish. I'll tell you how it feels to find yourself floating, floating through illimitable space, but I am getting quite used to the sensation now.

June 20th, 1913.

Dear Brenda:

It seems we are to have visitors this afternoon, for a gentleman is here, who claims the privilege of entering our charmed circle. He says that I am not sufficiently strong to hold the door that I have opened, and that I shall need help in the future. He says that he can tell not only the future, but the past as well. Now, would you not like to know who you were in the long ago? He has promised to give us a glimpse of the past, and roll back for us the scroll of time, so that we may see ourselves in other lives.

I think that you will like D. He was in life, he tells me, an Englishman of high lineage. He lived in India for years, and has learned all those mysterious and esoteric things they do there. He has been a student of the occult, knows all about Buddhism, was even ordained a priest in one of their temples. He calls Mahaderhabad the cradle of Theosophy and the home of the occult. I am sure he will interest you. Allow me to introduce you to Delamere.

"Ladies! after such an introduction I must endeavor to greet you in true Hindu fashion. I should call you all the magnificent names I can think of, for you see we are the very essence of politeness. Oh, Rulers of Light and Queens of this realm, many thanks are thine for allowing a poor worm to talk to you. Would you mind giving that poor ayah a few annas to pay for the hen's eggs, so that we may not be disturbed by such mundane affairs as maids wishing money to pay the egg man.

Let us have peace in which to discuss these most momentous questions. I see that all of you are but novices in this line. Do you know that sometimes it is a very dangerous thing to trifle with spirits, as you are doing now? You are the complement of each other. One is the negative, the other the positive, and together you can do wonders, providing you are both sure of yourselves. Remember one thing, approach this thing in a reverent spirit, with prayer and the Bible at hand, not as you come, in a spirit of levity.

You were surprised to hear me spoken of as a Buddhist. You think by that, that I am outside the pale of Christianity. That is not so, it only means that I am still not perfect enough to enter the higher spheres of Nirvana. I was, like my friend here, a good churchman all my life. I come to you with a very special message. There are a few of us banded together to try and convince a sceptic world that the *MIND*, the brain force, lives on in the astral body.

Query: What are you like? Are you a misty form, or are you dressed in clothes as we are?

Answer: We are very tangible to ourselves and often to others. You hear a great deal about people seeing ghosts, almost invariably they describe them as being draped in long white garments. Have you any idea why clairvoyants see spirits so often dressed in this way? Well, it is because the spirit is so often in the only clothes it has; its shroud. There are millions who do not know how to materialize anything but what the body has on.

The astral body is a reproduction of the physical body, and it stands to reason that the most sensitive part—that which governs all the emotions of the human body, the brain, the will power—is reproduced in the astral or etherial form commonly called a spirit. Then think how much clearer that brain. We are supposed to see all things by a clearer, more spiritual light when we leave earth; hear all that is spoken, read the thoughts of mortals. Then it naturally follows that we can think, see, hear, taste, and smell.

There are millions of minds who are debating this question of whether there are spirits or are not, and we propose to settle the question beyond dispute. For example, you, madam, have no interest in theosophy or spiritualism, or in any of these schisms such as New Thought or Christian Science, have you?



Answer: None whatever; I am content with the religion that was taught to my forefathers.

Mr. D.: I am going to ask you to allow me to use your hand to write. You know nothing of these things, while I do. In life it was ever my ambition to be an author, but I did not accomplish anything, except to write some most atrocious verse which was warranted to drive every man away to whom I read them. Since coming over here, I think I have learned the knack of writing, and would make a fairly good novelist. You see, I could depict life in all its phases as it really is, as I can lay bare the recesses of the human soul. It would prove an interesting experiment, if we should try.

Query: Why do you think I could write. I am quite sure I could not—for I left school at fourteen.

Mr. D.: Shall I be quite frank with you? For one thing, you are exceptionally gifted by prenatal and hereditary knowledge to fill the part I would assign to you. While the gray matter of your brain is healthy, the mind is still undeveloped and the brain cells are by no means overstocked. They are not overcrowded with learning, as you know absolutely nothing about the construction of a sentence, little of history and less of geography. You have progressed in actual studies, we will say, as far as a boy of twelve. Therefore I can use that brain to its full capacity, and convey to the conscious mind details and scenes from lives which were enacted long ago. Perhaps it will be an effort on my part to remember the names of things, persons and places, but I will strive to be so accurate, that all documentary evidence shall bear mute testimony to my ability as a raconteur.

Then, too, we would like to teach you the seven great mysteries, without any outside interference. Let us be the ones to guide you to higher wisdom, and show to you the rent in the veil. Let me give to you that old command: "Go thy way and tell no man of the miracles performed."

*(To be continued)*

NEXT MONTH you will want to read J. John Gilbert's masterpiece, "IN DEFENSE OF THE DEVIL" and a short-story in parable, "THE BRASS WEATHERCOCK"—by the famous Edwin Marshall Hadley, world-known author of "Sinister Shadows"—the most sensational book of the last hundred years unmasking the present-day activities of Russian Communism in United States.

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Success, Contentment and a wonderful Joy in Life mark the changed lives of the sincere as they contact the Master assigned to work with them. Many have spent years in the search—the restless urge of the Inner Self, that dissatisfaction with Life driving them on. They search frantically here and there, joining this and that, purchasing book after book in their effort to find the Key to Life which their soul tell them does exist. Always there is that disappointment, that something which eludes their grasp.

HERE IS YOUR FIRST GREAT TEST. Will your soul RECOGNIZE the genuineness of this invitation, will your faith carry you over the portal and will it persist until your human strength is stimulated and aided by the dawning rays of Divine Light far down the Path? Or, will, at that critical moment of decision, your material mind, trained so long in the schools of ignorance and superstition, drown out the inner voice, and refuse to accept Truth because she may not appear in the manner and garb expected. THIS FIRST TEST OF YOURS MARKS ONE OF THE MOST DRAMATIC MOMENTS POSSIBLE IN YOUR LIFE.

Masters trained in the Secret Lore of the Ages can now be contacted for personal, private help and guidance in all your problems and affairs.

### For the Advanced and Worthy

a Master will be assigned to show the "Path of Power" and personally aid in the development of the Inner Faculties, bringing to your aid mighty Forces of the Unseen Worlds.

### No Fixed Charges

are made in accordance with Esoteric Traditions. If you are sincere and need aid and guidance, or wish to learn the "Path of Power," simply write and ask for Light.

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# GET WHAT

*Back to Prosperity!  
Begin a new cycle today—a  
new day dawns when you be-  
gin to recognize the laws of  
universal demand and sup-  
ply—when you learn how  
to be joyous and happy!*

By MARY L. ALLEN

THE cackling of geese saved Rome, according to an old saying. Sometimes a very small effort made in the direction of one's desire saves a situation and prevents a failure. Do something in the direction of your desire!

A friend found it necessary to do something to save her forty thousand dollar apartment home from being lost by the foreclosure of a mortgage, held by a millionaire who lived in a distant state. After explaining to her how this law works, I asked her what she felt impressed to do. This man was to be at the house the next day, and she saw no way to raise the amount due. It was in the month of May, so she said she would refill all her flower baskets that were hanging on the front porch, and she would put roses in the main rooms. The agent of the company had told her of the old gentleman's fondness for flowers. Having made this decision, we went to the hot houses and loaded the car with all kinds of beautiful plants. Very soon everything was looking lovely. While we worked we were as unconcerned as though there was all the money in the world at our command. It is needless to say that our efforts were re-

warded. Ample time was extended to meet her payment. Fearless action in the direction of her desire gave the means. This is a rule we must use in solving every problem of life.

## *Do Something in the Direction of Your Desire*

A year later this friend was able to think as fearlessly in terms of fifty thousand dollars as she once did of five hundred.

When the conception of divine mind is not limited, then will ideas broaden and every need will be supplied according to the ways of infinite intelligence, and will not be measured by man's limited vision. Whatever is needed already exists as an accomplished fact in Divine mind. In order to bring it forth in perfect form for our use, this only needs our unwavering belief that it is true. Knowing this, Jesus told us that whatsoever we desire, when we pray, to believe that we shall receive it, and we shall have it. Our part is to believe, believe that it exists for us—but the time of having we must leave to Divine intelligence. We should not set any time; we should not be anxious while waiting; but we should keep working and knowing.

You may ask, "How can I believe that I have that which I cannot see?" This is a logical question. The answer is, Jesus Christ would not have told us to do something which



# YOU WANT!

*Is your life a hard battle? The game of life is an easy, happy and successful one if you know how to play it! How to be free from want by the soul's call of cosmic love.*

The meteoric rise of Mary Allen from obscurity to fame, as an inspirational teacher, may be attributed, in large measure, to her incomparable genius in synchronizing Christianity and Mysticism, into practical application through the magic of simple words pregnant with power and understanding.



he knew was not possible. He knew the laws of receiving any desire. Moreover, he knew that it was very simple. Let me illustrate:

An egg yolk contains the complete idea of a chicken from the beginning. By the natural process of growth it develops, in perfect order, until the full expression of the idea comes forth, and is visible to the outer world. Everything is first an idea. In the case of the chicken, it grows into exactly what it was intended to become—a chicken. Also, it attracts all that is necessary for its development. Expect and prepare for the perfect fulfillment of your heart's desire. Do not longer allow doubts and fears to hold you back and to keep you in a rut, but press on until you enter your "promised land" though it looks to be filled with giants that would destroy you. These giants of doubt and discouragement are not as powerful as they seem.

And right here is a thrill for you! You can accomplish anything you wish to, accomplish, not in violation of natural law. You can have all you desire to have that is yours by divine right. You can be all that you want to be. Just now, you may or you may not believe this to be true. I do not expect you to. I did not at first. But I say, you *can* accomplish *all* that you ever dreamed of if you will. *Action is the stuff dreams are made of!* I feel confident that you can men-

tally realize all that you now—this moment—desire and have dreamed of some day possessing; and, when you fully realize your desires mentally, the physical ways to your realization will unfold, naturally and perfectly.

There are many absolute truths which you do not now believe true. There are also many things untrue which you now believe to be true. For instance, you may believe that you can be separated from All-good, which includes your heart's desire. But the truth is that you are not now, and never can be less than one with all your good. Belief is purely an imaginary process, therefore belief can be controlled by directing your imagination. Later on, I will tell you more about how to use your imagination.

Suppose your longing is for health. You look upon others who are enjoying the activities of health. They fairly radiate health. True health starts from within. So this same principle of health is within you. It is only covered up with the rubbish of negative thinking, which results in negative acting, and consequently negative conditions in your life and affairs. But you can start right where you are to think health. "Be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind," said Saint Paul.



So begin with your thoughts. Get the idea of health firmly planted in your thoughts, then the growth back into health will be natural and in perfect order until the idea objectifies in the outer or visible world—a perfect body, fit to be the temple of the living God expressing through you.

As ideas have a habit of flocking together like birds of a feather, other ideas of health will be attracted to you or you to them, and lo! the divine plan of health is completed within and through you by the process of natural growth. Do not fear! Just believe that the divine idea, God's plan for you, is truly coming to pass. If at first it is not easy to believe, keep trying. Practice makes perfect. Your belief will become stronger with practice just as a muscle becomes stronger with use. Belief strengthens expectation. Expectation leads to preparation and preparation surely brings the manifestation. If you wanted some one to visit you, you would first expect them, then you would prepare to receive them, and then they would come. This is the exact way health or any other good thing comes to us. You will love to practice health.

Believe in and expect some part of the fulfillment, or the completion, of your dream at any moment. All you desire is constantly becoming manifest. In due season the perfect manifestation appears. You see then, how you can receive all you desire; and it is yours already. Give thanks that it is so. But use the rule of *patience* also. "Wait thou upon the Lord" (read the word *Lord* as *Law*). That is, let your growth be governed by divine mind, God.

We have observed that one of the methods of Jesus was in giving thanks *in advance* that there was an abundance. Thanks is the same in effect as blessing. In blessing, we first recognize the source of all supply—the Father within each one of us. And God is Power, Love and Wisdom. So whether the need be for health, or money, or friends, or love, or any other good thing, the way to manifest it is first of all to know that God is the Source and God is spirit substance, everywhere present, in which we live, move and have our being. This spirit substance is moulded into whatsoever we desire by our thought or spoken word. Watch your words. Thoughts and words have power within themselves in bringing into our lives everything good when we speak the good words.

There are persons who excuse themselves by saying, "If I were in so and so's place I could do wonderful things," or, "If I were just in such and such place (usually far away) I am sure that I would be a great success." These individuals no doubt have talents and ability, everyone has, which if used would lead them to heights undreamed of by them. They would achieve even greater things than they now think possible. We have a notable example of this in the case of Columbus, who started out with a mere idea when he discovered America. Columbus showed active faith in his dream, as have many other great souls, whose discoveries far exceed their fondest hopes. One truly must learn that the originating principle of life is eternally present. We must start where we are, with whatever means we possess, though it may seem very little, and work out our ideas. By the unfailing law of attraction, all necessary material will be added as it is needed. Remember, it exists somewhere in the universe and we cannot be separated from our own.

When I was a little girl, I remember how my mother used to sometimes go into the kitchen to prepare dinner, and there were times when to all appearances, there was very little to do with, for she may have overlooked ordering a supply of groceries. But she found a little here and a little there, and, when it was finished, we would have a sumptuous meal. The dessert on those occasions was generally a vinegar roll, and I have never eaten any like my mother made. Did you ever eat any vinegar rolls? Well, you know how good it is. And so it is, we see those who accomplish wonderful things in various lines and we marvel at their success. But, when we go back with them to the beginning, we find that they only used the little they possessed and, with perfect faith and persistence, they finished their work of putting their ideas into form for use. Henry Ford, for instance, who had the idea of manufacturing an automobile at a price within the reach of the masses who really need the stimulating outdoor air to keep them in better health and spirits, and, therefore, in better working condition which means a happier home life, resulting in a greater civilization. Truly a service to mankind. Ideas born of a desire to serve humanity are sure to thrive and to bring forth fruit after their own kind. "By their fruits ye shall know them," Jesus Christ of Nazareth proclaimed.



*Your Destiny  
And The  
Stars!*

# Astrology Simplified

By

CHARLES W. DENICKE

## LESSON III

(Continued from previous issue)

### NATURE AND QUALITIES OF THE SIGNS

#### VIRGO

##### *Physique*

Rather round face, full forehead, straight nose, tall and slender in youth. Voice often weak and unmusical. This sign often gives baldness at an early age.

##### *Psychology*

Critical, precise, studious, methodical, cold by nature and not easily moved by passion or desire, often fond of collecting, usually very busily occupied.

##### *Planetary Affinities*

Ruler ♍, exaltation of ♍  
Detriment of ♋, fall of ♍

##### *Parts of Body*

The sympathetic nervous system, spleen, part of the intestines.

##### *Diseases*

Intestinal indigestion, peritonitis, diarrhea, enteric fever, colic, constipation.

#### LIBRA ♎

##### *Physique*

Tall, slender, but gains shape with age, fair skin with a tendency to pimples, good shapely finger nails, men born under this sign are often somewhat effeminate.



##### *Psychology*

Fickle, not very persistent or consistent, very artistic, just, fond of show and approbation, orderly. Love affairs always take a good deal of attention. Fond of science and learning, very clean and dainty in habits.

##### *Planetary Affinities*

Ruler ♎, exaltation of ♎  
Detriment of ♊, fall of ♎

##### *Parts of Body*

Lumbar region in general, the kidneys, the lumbar vertebrae, has to do also with the sense of balance.

##### *Diseases*

All forms of kidney trouble—nephritis, Bright's disease, stone and gravel. Dizziness.

#### SCORPIO ♏

##### *Physique*

Dark complexion, curly or frizzy hair, prominent facial outline, hairy body, hair growing low down on forehead, often (nearly always) slightly bow-legged, thick neck, sometimes defective feet.

##### *Psychology*

This sign produces some very powerful characters. Bold, self-confident, not easily shamed, sarcastic, determined, fond of strife, given to secrecy and often engaged in research or investigation of some kind, strong passions, deceitful in dealings if horoscope tends to bring out this characteristic.



### *Planetary Affinities*

Ruler ♂, exaltation of ♄  
Detriment of ♀, fall of ♃

### *Parts of Body*

The pelvis, bladder, groins, the lower part of the intestines, the generative organs, gall, rectum, ureters.

### *Diseases*

Ruptures, certain forms of kidney trouble, all venereal diseases, disorders of the womb and allied parts and disturbance of the periodic function in women.

## *SAGITTARIUS ♏*

### *Physique*

Long face, often of the type called "horsey," fine eyes, hair growing well back off temples, good limbs but slim body, given to sport in every form, very active.

### *Psychology*

Daring, just, frank, an inborn sense of religion is present, fond of convention, not very fond of science, rather assertive, a firm friend, generous, fond of travel.

### *Planetary Affinities*

Ruler ♃  
Detriment of ♀

### *Parts of Body*

Hips and thighs, femur, coccyx, sacrum.

### *Diseases*

Sciatica, enteric, rheumatism, dislocation of hip joints, activity in the production of wounds—particularly from projectiles of all kinds—injuries received in war or in occupations where fire and iron are used; and in falls from horses.

## *CAPRICORN ♑*

### *Physique*

Small made, narrow chest, long nose, often "hooked," thin hair, jerky in manner, ill-formed or knock knees, thin neck. Yet pretty women are often born under this sign.

### *Psychology*

Witty, quiet, strong in purpose, ambitious, fond of rule, dogmatic, reclusive in later years, plenty of self will.

### *Planetary Affinities*

Ruler ♄, exaltation of ♂  
Detriment of ♃, fall of ♃

### *Parts of Body*

The skin, the joints (particularly the knees) and also has a sub-rule over the stomach.

### *Diseases*

Skin troubles, rheumatism in the joints, injuries to the knees, synovitis, nausea and vomiting.

## *AQUARIUS ♒*

### *Physique*

Tall, well set, good looking, oval face, rather red face, blue eyes, light hair as a rule, often bad teeth. This sign produces some very beautiful types. Occasionally the body is short and thick set.

### *Psychology*

Nearly always of a scientific bent of mind, very kind and humane, often musical and a good singer, patient, steadfast, not well known but a firm friend, of great intuition, studious, disliking changes.

### *Planetary Affinities*

Ruler ♒ — ♄  
Detriment of ☾

### *Parts of Body*

Lower leg, calves, ankles. Has to do with the circulation and the blood.

### *Diseases*

Injuries to the ankles, heart troubles, spasmodic and nervous disorders, blood poisoning, anaemia, and sometimes eye troubles.

## *PISCES ♓*

### *Physique*

Short, fleshy, stooping as a rule, small short hands and feet, round shoulders, badly made feet, sleepy looking eyes, white skin, fine hair. The "fishlike" outline can usually be seen when taking a back view of the person.

### *Psychology*

Changeful, not fond of exertion, often artistic, gay, secretive, quick in wit, fond of mystery, not easy to know, often leads a double life either intellectually or otherwise.

### *Planetary Affinities*

Ruler ♓, exaltation of ♀  
Detriment of ♄, fall of ♄

### *Parts of Body*

The feet. Has a certain amount of dominion over the lungs and matrix, being often active in venereal infections. Associated with diseases brought about by lack of self control.

### *Diseases*

Mucous discharges, deformities of the feet, alcoholism, consumption and tuberculosis, colds, venereal troubles.

(Continued next month)



## A BUSINESS FORECAST

For the Astrological Month of  
May 1, 1931 to June 1, 1931

### *What Will Happen in the Next 30 Days?*

#### FINANCE AND INDUSTRY

CONDITIONS have improved considerably over previous months. There is a great deal of talk about improvement, but financiers are still extremely conservative and not willing to enter into projects that require financing. Financiers are still dominated by the specter of fear. From the 13th to the 16th of April conditions will be very unfavorable for financing, also from the 21st to the 23rd. From the 24th to the 1st of May conditions will be favorable, and the wise financier will take advantage of conditions and enter into business projects that will be remunerative. The entire month will therefore be erratic, the bad days having the effect of throwing a wet blanket over some of the very good projects that should go forward.

#### METALS AND MINING

CONDITIONS have improved and the demand for iron, copper, coal and products of the earth should be greater. The hazardous conditions which have been hanging over mining operations have been largely removed and passed the danger point. During a favorable period of this kind mine superintendents should take advantage of favorable conditions and improve their mines and add safeguards for operators.

#### TRANSPORTATION AND MARINE SHIPPING

TRANSPORTATION and marine shipping have improved, but marine shipping will have many hazardous days. Storms may be looked for at frequent intervals during the month.

#### AVIATION

AIR CONDITIONS are extremely erratic. Flying should not be indulged in except when weather reports give ample notice. Storms will be sudden and severe.

#### REAL ESTATE

THERE IS a marked improvement in real estate. The public will have more optimistic views and consider investments. It is a good time for dealers to begin active operations to interest the public.

#### LABOR

THERE IS a slight improvement in labor. There is no danger of labor troubles during this month.

#### HEALTH

COLDS and throat trouble will be prevalent, with a great many kidney disorders.

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New Hampton

New York

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# In Love and Business

# LET THE STARS BE

Lucky is the day when  
your stars are favorably aspected.

Scientifically calculated for the  
the astronomical month of April

(Find the sign in which you

		LOVE	BUSINESS	SPECULATION	TRAVEL
If you were born in <b>AQUARIUS</b> Jan. 20 to Feb. 19	Favorable Days.....	Apr. 23, 30..... May 5, 6, 7, 8, 11, 12, 13, 17, 19...	Apr. 22, 23, 24, 27, 28, 30..... May 5, 6, 9, 10, 11, 19.....	Apr. 22, 23, 24, 27, 28..... May 5, 6, 9, 10, 19	Apr. 23, 24, 30..... May 11, 12, 13, 17.
	Neutral Days.....	Apr. 24, 26, 27, 28. May 2, 3, 9, 15, 16, 20, 21.....	Apr. 29..... May 3, 4, 8, 12, 13, 17, 18, 20, 21....	Apr. 29, 30..... May 3, 4, 8, 11, 12, 13, 17, 18, 20, 21	Apr. 27, 28..... May 2, 3, 5, 6, 7, 15, 19, 20, 21....
	Unfavorable Days..	Apr. 22, 25, 29.... May 1, 4, 10, 14, 18	Apr. 25, 26..... May 1, 2, 7, 14, 15, 16.....	Apr. 25, 26..... May 1, 2, 7, 14, 15, 16.....	Apr. 22, 25, 26, 29. May 1, 4, 8, 9, 10, 14, 16, 18.....
If you were born in <b>PISCES</b> Feb. 20 to Mar. 20	Favorable Days.....	Apr. 26..... May 1, 3, 5, 11, 12, 15, 16, 19.....	Apr. 24, 26..... May 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 14, 15, 16, 18, 19, 20.....	Apr. 24..... May 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 14, 15, 16, 18, 19.....	Apr. 26..... May 1, 3, 7, 11, 12, 19, 20.....
	Neutral Days.....	Apr. 24, 27, 29, 30 May 2, 8, 9, 10, 14, 17, 18, 20, 21....	Apr. 23, 25, 27, 29, 30..... May 2, 3, 11, 12, 17, 21.....	Apr. 23, 25, 26, 27, 29, 30..... May 2, 3, 10, 11, 12, 17, 20, 21....	Apr. 27, 29, 30.... May 5, 9, 10, 14, 18, 21.....
	Unfavorable Days..	Apr. 22, 23, 25, 28. May 4, 6, 7, 13...	Apr. 22, 28..... May 1, 13.....	Apr. 22, 28..... May 1, 13.....	Apr. 22, 23, 24, 25, 28..... May 2, 4, 6, 8, 13, 15, 16, 17.....
If you were born in <b>ARIES</b> Mar. 20 to Apr. 21	Favorable Days.....	Apr. 22, 23, 26, 30 May 4, 7, 8, 12, 18	Apr. 23, 24, 25.... May 1, 2, 19, 20, 21	Apr. 23, 24..... May 1, 2, 19, 20..	Apr. 22, 26, 27, 30. May 4, 7, 8, 16, 17, 18.....
	Neutral Days.....	Apr. 25, 27, 29.... May 1, 2, 11, 15, 16, 20, 21.....	Apr. 22, 26, 27.... May 11, 12, 16....	Apr. 22, 25, 26, 27, 29..... May 11, 12, 16, 21.	Apr. 23..... May 1, 2, 11, 14, 15, 20.....
	Unfavorable Days..	Apr. 24, 28..... May 3, 5, 6, 9, 10, 13, 14, 17, 19...	Apr. 28, 29, 30.... May 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 13, 14, 15, 17, 18.....	Apr. 28, 30..... May 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 13, 14, 15, 17, 18.....	Apr. 24, 25, 28, 29 May 3, 5, 6, 9, 10, 12, 13, 19, 21...
If you were born in <b>TAURUS</b> Apr. 21 to May 22	Favorable Days.....	Apr. 22, 23, 24, 26. May 3, 5, 6, 8, 12, 14, 18.....	Apr. 26, 30..... May 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 14, 15, 16, 19, 20, 21.....	Apr. 30..... May 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 14, 15, 16, 20....	Apr. 22, 23, 24, 26. May 5, 6, 8, 12, 18.
	Neutral Days.....	Apr. 27, 29..... May 11, 15, 16, 19, 20.....	Apr. 22, 23, 25.... May 11, 12, 13....	Apr. 22, 23, 26.... May 8, 11, 12, 13, 19, 21.....	Apr. 27, 29..... May 3, 11, 14, 15, 16, 19, 20.....
	Unfavorable Days..	Apr. 25, 28, 30.... May 1, 2, 4, 7, 9, 10, 13, 17, 21...	Apr. 24, 27, 28, 29 May 1, 2, 9, 10, 17, 18.....	Apr. 24, 25, 27, 28, 29..... May 1, 2, 9, 10, 17, 18.....	Apr. 25, 28, 30.... May 1, 2, 4, 7, 9, 10, 13, 17, 21...
If you were born in <b>GEMINI</b> May 22 to June 22	Favorable Days.....	Apr. 23, 30..... May 1, 2, 6, 8, 9, 10, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17, 20.....	Apr. 23, 28, 29, 30. May 2, 6, 8, 9, 13, 14, 15, 21.....	Apr. 28, 29, 30.... May 9, 13, 14....	Apr. 23..... May 1, 2, 8, 9, 10, 12, 15, 16, 17, 20
	Neutral Days.....	Apr. 22, 28..... May 5, 19.....	Apr. 22, 25, 26, 27. May 1, 5, 7, 16, 17, 19, 20.....	Apr. 22, 23, 25, 26, 27..... May 1, 2, 5, 6, 7, 8, 15, 16, 17, 19, 20, 21.....	Apr. 22, 28, 30.... May 5, 6, 13, 19..
	Unfavorable Days..	Apr. 24, 25, 26, 27, 29..... May 3, 4, 7, 11, 14, 18, 21.....	Apr. 24..... May 3, 4, 10, 11, 12, 18.....	Apr. 24..... May 3, 4, 10, 11, 12, 18.....	Apr. 24, 25, 26, 27, 29..... May 3, 4, 7, 11, 14, 18, 21.....
If you were born in <b>CANCER</b> June 22 to July 23	Favorable Days.....	Apr. 24, 25, 26, 28, 29, 30..... May 3, 5, 13, 14, 17, 19.....	Apr. 26, 27..... May 3, 12, 19, 20.	Apr. 26, 27..... May 12, 19, 20....	Apr. 24, 25, 26, 28, 29, 30..... May 3, 5, 6, 7, 13, 14, 17, 19.....
	Neutral Days.....	Apr. 22, 23..... May 1, 2, 6, 7, 12, 20.....	Apr. 22, 23, 28, 29, 30..... May 1, 2, 4, 13, 14, 17, 18.....	Apr. 22, 23, 28, 29, 30..... May 1, 2, 3, 4, 13, 14, 17, 18.....	Apr. 22, 23..... May 1, 2, 12, 20..
	Unfavorable Days..	Apr. 27..... May 4, 8, 9, 10, 11, 15, 16, 18, 21....	Apr. 24, 25..... May 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 15, 16, 21	Apr. 24, 25..... May 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 15, 16, 21	Apr. 27..... May 4, 8, 9, 10, 11, 15, 16, 18, 21....



# YOUR DAILY GUIDE *In Speculation and Travel*

first time for each birth-period for  
21, 1931 to May 21, 1931

*were born and read to the right)*

Unlucky is the day  
when your stars are afflicted.

	LOVE	BUSINESS	SPECULATION	TRAVEL
<b>If you were born in</b> <b>LEO</b> <b>July 23 to Aug. 24</b>	Favorable Days.... Apr. 25, 26, 27, 30 May 2, 6, 7, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, 16, 19 Neutral Days..... Apr. 22, 23, 29.... May 3, 12, 18, 20. Unfavorable Days.. Apr. 24, 28..... May 1, 4, 5, 8, 17, 21 .....	Apr. 24, 25..... May 1, 2, 3, 6, 7, 9, 15, 16, 19, 20, 21 Apr. 22, 23, 26, 27, 30 .....	Apr. 25..... May 1, 2, 6, 7, 9, 15, 16, 19, 20... Apr. 22, 23, 26, 27, 30 .....	Apr. 25, 26, 27, 30 May 6, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14, 19..... Apr. 22, 23, 29.... May 1, 2, 3, 7, 12, 15, 16, 18, 20.... Apr. 24, 28..... May 4, 5, 8, 17, 21
<b>If you were born in</b> <b>VIRGO</b> <b>Aug. 24 to Sep. 23</b>	Favorable Days.... Apr. 26, 27, 29.... May 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 10, 12, 17, 18, 19 Neutral Days..... Apr. 22, 23, 24, 30. May 9, 13, 14, 15, 21 .....	Apr. 26, 29, 30.... May 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 10, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17, 18..... Apr. 22, 23, 27, 28. May 2, 14, 19....	Apr. 26, 29, 30.... May 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 12, 15, 16, 17... Apr. 22, 23, 27, 28. May 2, 9, 10, 13, 14, 18, 19.....	Apr. 26, 27..... May 2, 5, 6, 7, 10, 12, 17, 19..... Apr. 22, 23, 24, 29, 30 .....
<b>If you were born in</b> <b>LIBRA</b> <b>Sep. 23 to Oct. 24</b>	Favorable Days.... Apr. 29, 30..... May 2, 3, 4, 7, 16, 17, 20 Neutral Days..... Apr. 22, 23, 25, 26, 27 .....	Apr. 25, 26, 27, 30. May 1, 2, 13, 14, 15 Apr. 22, 23, 24.... May 3, 4, 12, 20, 21	Apr. 25, 26, 30... May 1, 13, 14, 15.. Apr. 22, 23, 24, 27. May 2, 3, 4, 12, 20, 21.....	Apr. 29..... May 2, 3, 4, 7, 16, 17, 20..... Apr. 22, 23, 25, 26, 27, 30.....
<b>If you were born in</b> <b>SCORPIO</b> <b>Oct. 24 to Nov. 23</b>	Favorable Days.... Apr. 24, 25, 26, 30. May 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 10, 12, 13, 19.... Neutral Days..... Apr. 22, 23, 28.... May 7, 8, 15, 16, 20 Unfavorable Days.. Apr. 27, 29..... May 1, 2, 11, 14, 17, 18, 21.....	Apr. 27, 28..... May 3, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20 Apr. 22, 23..... May 4, 13.....	Apr. 28..... May 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 15, 16, 17, 19 Apr. 22, 23, 27.... May 3, 4, 11, 12, 13, 18, 20.....	Apr. 24, 25, 26, 30. May 3, 4, 5, 6, 9, 12, 13..... Apr. 22, 23, 28... May 7, 10, 15, 16, 19, 20, 21.....
<b>If you were born in</b> <b>SAGITTARIUS</b> <b>Nov. 23 to Dec. 22</b>	Favorable Days.... Apr. 24, 26, 27, 28. May 1, 3, 9, 10, 11, 14 .....	Apr. 24, 25, 29, 30 May 1, 2, 3, 4, 8, 9, 10, 16, 17, 21. Apr. 22, 23, 26, 27, 28 .....	Apr. 24, 29, 30... May 1, 4, 8, 16, 17, 21 .....	Apr. 24, 26, 27, 28 May 3, 9, 10, 11, 14, 18 .....
<b>If you were born in</b> <b>CAPRICORN</b> <b>Dec. 22 to Jan. 20</b>	Favorable Days.... Apr. 24, 25, 26, 28, 30 .....	Apr. 22, 23, 24, 30. May 1, 2, 7, 9..... Apr. 25, 28, 29.... May 3, 8, 12, 16, 17, 19, 20, 21....	Apr. 22, 30..... May 1, 2, 9..... Apr. 23, 24, 25, 28, 29 .....	Apr. 24, 25, 26, 28 May 2, 3, 4, 10, 15, 16, 17 .....
	Neutral Days..... May 3, 4, 6, 12, 13, 15, 16, 17..... May 1, 2, 10, 19, 20, 21 .....	Apr. 26, 27..... May 4, 5, 6, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, 18....	Apr. 26, 27..... May 4, 5, 6, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, 18....	Apr. 30..... May 1, 19, 20, 21..
	Unfavorable Days.. Apr. 22, 23, 27, 29. May 5, 7, 8, 9, 11, 14, 18 .....		Apr. 26, 27..... May 4, 5, 6, 10, 11, 13, 14, 15, 18....	Apr. 22, 23, 27, 29 May 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 11, 12, 13, 14, 18



# The Practical Art of ALCHEMY

By Adiramled

## LAMED L

(Practical Lessons No. 2)

(Continued from previous issue)

Nature has her own way of fixing, or confining this solar agent. She does it successfully in every seed and it is this that gives the life-giving power to wheat and other cereals. Not only as it is set free in the living tissues of men and animals, but in the natural germination of the seed itself in the earth.

Oh, this marvel of marvels! This solar Soul of the Universe. Where shall we find it? When found, it will be seen as a dense, hard, mass like brick, and it represents in this form the body of our Lord and Savior. It will have to be broken as his was, and utterly crushed. At this point the strong Lion lies inert, his jaws being locked in deepest sleep. From this fixed lethargy he must be roused and his jaws forced open by the strong Maiden, Kaph, or Mercury. This is a momentous time in the history of our Great Art. It is the present moment of LAMED, the Hanging Man.

All personality has been surrendered.

By the meeting of the Lion and the Maiden a strange phenomenon has taken place. Both bodies are melted and fused into one.

Some have said that the Lion has swallowed the Maiden, others that the Maiden has transfixed the Lion. But the fact is, neither can be recognized by its original form. They are utterly "without form and void" as we may imagine the primeval chaos to have been.

This Hanging Man is the solar principle of nature, his life being suspended between two forces, the one pulling him down and the other up, exactly like the Christ crucified between two thieves. And this crucifixion of Christ, what is it? If one would stand up in the great cathedrals of the world and declare this doctrine (the true secret doctrine of early

Christianity) that Christ is no other than a Magic Stone, his words would be received with incredulity and contempt, and if he attempted its demonstration he would soon find himself in the hands of fanatical Christians.

One writer says, "To some foolish and shallow persons I have several times expounded this art in the simplest manner and even word for word, but they despised it only and would not believe me that there is exhibited in our work a two-fold resurrection of the dead."

This study is one through which one must gain the power at each step to take the next. Let no one ever waste the time it takes to ask *what* are the *ingredients* of this stone. They will never be given. They asked Christ. Note his reply (*Matt.* 16:1-4). The signs in our work are chiefly those of color. Jesus tells the whole matter occultly in these four verses:

The signs are red-black-white-red—four stages of the matter, which we may call Winter, Spring, Summer, Autumn.

LAMED represents the beginning of spring—the sign of Pisces or "two fishes" which are united in one sea as dark as Erebus.

The soil is now prepared by Nature in which the philosopher is to sow his golden seed. This soil is the Sulphur, which is the philosophic earth containing the "seed within itself" (*Gen.* 1:11). Mercury, the Maiden of our symbol, the developer of this seed, now becomes united in close embrace with Sulphur, or, as the ancients expressed it, "Sol and Luna are in conjunction."

There is another description by Philalethes of this aqueous stone which is very suggestive. He says, "If you wish for a more particular description of our Water I am impelled by motives of charity to tell you that it is living, fluxible, clear, nitid, as white as snow, hot, humid, airy, vaporous, and digestive, and that gold melts in it like ice in warm water. . . . All you have to do is to find this water and to



put into it the purified body; out of the two, Nature will then produce our stone. . . . Without our Mercury, Alchemy could not be a science, but only a vain and empty pretense. If you can obtain it, you have the key of the whole work, with which you can open the most secret chambers of knowledge."

**EXPERIMENT 2.**—Take a small piece of quick-lime. Note that it is a hard, white stone.

Pour water upon it, and, as it unites, it evolves much heat. This is called "slaking" the limestone, the result being a soft, white powder. This experiment suggests a very simple way to open the mouth of the Lion should he ever cross our track, and at the same time it illustrates the philosopher's term, *Calcination*.

Remember, that while *Chemists* burn with fire, *Alchemists* perform all their various operations by means of *water*.

All that is required is to find the way to infuse this with natural, heavenly virtues.

I trust the student will not imagine himself to be making no progress because he has not a special list of facts assigned to him to memorize. Divine knowledge is not gained in this manner. Every thought given to the subject raises the mind a little nearer the point whence the illumination finally comes. When on a true level with it, it bursts forth as a flood of dazzling light. Then all is changed in the twinkling of an eye!

This is the new birth, and this is what you should endeavor to accomplish through the study of Divine Alchemy. I can only point the path. Each must enter it and tread it alone.

#### THE SMARAGDINE TABLET OF HERMES

1. I speak not fictitious things, but that which is certain and most true.
2. What is below is like that which is above, and what is above is like that which is below, to accomplish the miracle of one thing.
3. As all things were produced by the one word of being, so all things were produced from this thing by adaptation.
4. Its father is the sun, its mother is the moon. The wind carries it in its belly. Its nurse is the earth.
5. It is the father of all perfection throughout the world.

(Continued on Page 53)

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# CHINESE PULSE DIAGNOSIS

*The Age-Old,  
Unerring Diagnosis*



*of Disease—Almost  
a Lost Art*

By ELVHIA PARK BOYLE

When speaking of the planets, they call  
SATURN .....Earth  
JUPITER .....Wood  
MARS .....Fire  
VENUS .....Metal  
MERCURY .....Water

Great care must be taken not to confound the various kinds of the pulse, which in some manner have a resemblance. For example, the pulse which we call HIEN, and that which we name KIN; the pulse SAE, and the pulse OUEI; the pulse FEOU, and the pulse KONG. The pulse HONG, and the pulse CHE have some relation to each other, yet their indications are very different, and frequently contrary. The pulse called TCHIN, and that named FOU come to the same end by different ways. As for the two pulses SIU and YO, they have a kind of relation even in their indications.

The explanation of these various names will be found frequently in the text. However, all these terms are here explained in the same order in which they are mentioned:

1. When the pulse has a long and tremulous motion, somewhat resembling the strings of the instrument TOENG, it is called HIEN.

2. When it has a short and quick tremulous motion like that of the instrument called KIN, it is named KIN.

3. When the pulse raises a sensation in the finger, resembling the motion of a knife when it scrapes a bamboo, it is called SAE.

4. When the pulse is small, much like a silken thread, it is called OUEI.

5. When the pulse, upon one's gently laying the finger upon it is sensible, but disappears when more closely pressed, it is termed FEOU, superficial.

6. When the pulse under the finger seems much like the hole of a flute, leaving a kind of empty space in the middle of two sensible extremities, it is named KONG.

7. HONG, signifies overflowing.

8. CHE signifies full.

9. TCHIN signifies deep, low.

10. FOU, lying low and concealing itself.

11. SIU is a pulse when it is perceived by the finger to be like a drop of water.

12. YO is weak.

One must apply diligently to understand the properties of the pulse and to draw proper consequences from it, after which by a sufficient knowledge of medicants, one may be able to cure.

If the pulse of the wrist is KIN, quick, then there certainly is a pain in the head; if it is HIEN, long and tremulous, it is a sign of the heartburn. If it is KIN, short and tremulous, it indicates the colic. If it is OUAN, moderately slow, the skin is as it were in a sleepy state. If it is OUEI, small, the breast has taken cold. If it is SOU, vastly quick, there is a surprising heat at the orifice of the stomach. If it is HOA slippery, blood is predominant. If it is SAE, sharp or rough, there is a failure in the spirits (vital principle).

When it is HONG, overflowing, the breast and sides are too full, and the patient feels an oppression there.

When the pulse of the wrist is TCHIN, deep and low, the back most assuredly is pained.

When the pulse seems to be FEOU, superficial, and OUAN, moderately slow, exactly at the joining of the wrist with the Cubitus, there is nausea or want of appetite.

If it be KIN, short and tremulous, there is an oppression and fullness of flatulent matter, which cannot easily be cured.

If the pulse is YO, weak, and SOU, in a hurry, there is great heat in the stomach.

(To be Continued)



## The Art of Alchemy

(Continued from Page 51)

6. The power is vigorous if it be changed into earth.
7. Separate the earth from the fire, the subtle from the gross, acting prudently and with great judgment.
8. Ascend with the greatest sagacity from the earth to the heaven, and then descend to the earth and unite together the powers of things superior and things inferior; thus you will obtain the glory of the whole world, and obscurity will fly away from you.
9. This has more fortitude than fortitude itself, because it conquers every subtle thing, and can penetrate every solid.
10. Thus was the world formed.
11. Hence proceeds wonders which are here established.
12. Therefore I am called Hermes Trismegistus (the new thrice master), having three parts of the philosophy of the whole world.
13. That which I had to say concerning the operation of the sun is completed.

*To be continued.*

## Abie Passes Over

(Continued from Page 24)

knows what will follow. A week of this. Sitting on this bench daily from morning till sundown. Doing nothing but thinking of him. Doing nothing but mourning for him. Thinking of him as dead and far away, when here he is—here beside them! And they can't see him!

Suddenly Abie's mother starts to sob wildly and call for him. "Abie, Abie!" It is a call he has always responded to. Without thinking he replies. His mother, however, does not hear. Then Rebekah joins her, calling, "Abie, Abie! Come back to me, Abie. Oh! He's gone—gone. So quick! He was all right in the morning when he left home, and they brought him back—dead. Abie! Abie! Come back to me!" She weeps loudly.

Abie can stand no more. He turns to Brother Donald. "I must leave at once. I can't stand it." His voice is hoarse with emotion. "Take me back with you—back—back to the other side. This will drive me mad—hurry—hurry—"

(Concluded next month)



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## Japan Thru the Eyes of a Mystic

(Continued from Page 29)

In Japan people work. Yes, that's the word, they simply *work*. They seem to love their labor and it sometimes looks as if they really rejoiced in it. They have never caught the thought that labor is not honorable and worthy, nor that it degrades or limits: rather, they work as if it was a thing of which they could be justly proud. The Japanese do not keep a Sunday. They work seven days a week and then on, excepting their holidays and at celebration times. Every day is a day of worship to them. Every hour there is someone at the temple shrines, and other shrines, giving praise for all good or praying the power of some saint to secure some human desire. Japan is always in prayer, always in service, and always in smiles. It is something to find this simple love of work; and from the lowliest coolie to the higher managers of business one finds this joy and recognition of work.

One thing in connection with labor saddened my thought, and that is the waste of human energy, how little value seems to be set on human life. Men work like beasts. Everything that is done by horses and trucks in our world is done here by humans. An army of coolies do all that is to be done. They work like little horses, dragging, pulling, lifting, in cold or heat. This endless stream of humanity works its way through all the industry of the country and smaller cities. In some of the larger and more westernized cities trucks and horses are used. The multitude of workers do not look sordid. They are warmly clad and often looked cleaner than some western groups who have horse and truck. But this toll of human life and energy, its hardship and the days and years of unceasing work, and the laying down of human life staggers one who comes from a country where machinery has the burdens to bear and human life and energy are held at high valuation.

The dignity of this labor strikes one everywhere, and also the willingness to labor, and the eternal patience of this toiling group. These people still have time. They do not need to hurry. The crush of life has not touched them. They repose under heavy burdens, and live as they do under the benign, resigned, patient face of their Buddhas. It is possible to believe that something of *his* gentle, uncomplaining patience and endurance has found its way into their souls.

(To be Continued)



*The Sequel to*  
 THE BHAGAVAD GITA  
**THE UTTARA GITA**

*Being the Initiation of Arjuna by Shri  
 Krishna Into Yoga and Duyana*

By Babu Rai Baroda K. Lahere

*(Continued from previous issue)*

24. He that uses his own Atma as one *Arani* (a piece of wood that produces fire when rubbed), and *Pranawa* as the other and constantly rubs the two together, he will very soon see the hidden fire thus produced by the friction of the two, even as he produces the fire that is hidden in the bosom of the *Arani*.

25. As long as one does not see within himself that sublime *Rûpa* which is purer than purity itself, and which beams forth like a smokeless light, he should continue his meditations with a steady mind, fixing his thoughts upon that *Rûpa* (form).

26. The *Jîwatma*, although (considered to be) very distant from *Paramatma*, is still very near to it; and although it has a body, still it is without body; the *Jîwatma* itself is pure, omnipotent and self-evident.

27. Although it (*Jîwatma*) is (considered to be) in the body, but still it is *not* in the body; it is not affected by any change of the body, nor does it take part in any enjoyment appertaining to the body, nor can it be bound down or conditioned by anything that binds the body.

28. All oil exists in the seed (*i. e.*, pervading the whole of it) and butter (*Ghrîtum*) in cheese (*Kshîrum*, *i. e.*, milk boiled and thickened), as smell exists in the flower, and juice in fruits.

29. So does the *Jîwâtma*, which permeates the whole universe, also exist in the human body. Like the fire hidden in the bosom of wood, and like the air that pervades the whole limitless *Akâsha*, *Atmâ*, the dweller in the caves of *Manus*, unseen and unperceived, becomes its own expressor, and walks in the *Akâsha* of the human heart.

30. Though the *Jîwâtma* dwells in the heart, yet it has its abode in the mind; and though dwelling in the heart it is itself mindless. The *Yogî*, who sees such an *Atmâ* in his own heart through the help of his own mind, gradually becomes a *Siddha* himself.

*(To be Continued)*

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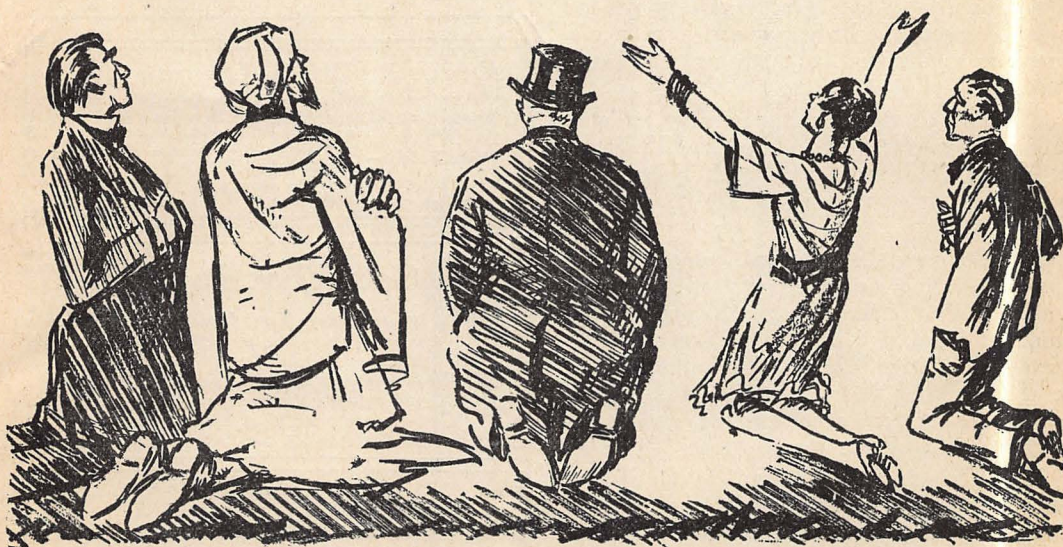
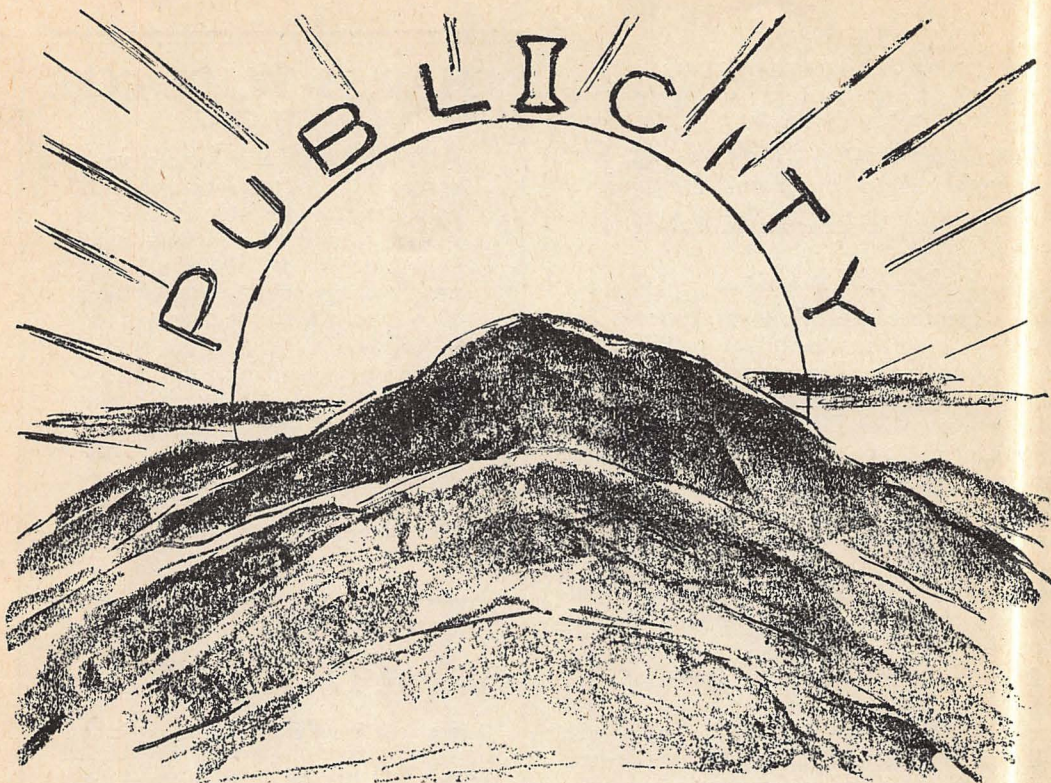
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The dawn of retribution is nigh—the *Judashood* of those weaned on occult lore, only to wantonly exploit it, will soon meet with the nemesis of Higher Justice brought to earth. And even those whose cynic disregard for honor and for the sufferings of duped followers, shall know that “the mills of the gods grind slowly,” but they grind exceedingly fine!

MYSTIC WORLD goes on record as the first spokesman of exploited mysticism—to sound a prophetic warning to those who fondly imagine that humanity remains conveniently blind to *the fakers*! We want the whole world to know that ours is the creed of the *superman*—and ours the courage to sound the first *tocsin* to the mystics of our great country! We are on the side of common decency and justice—against *all* comers, be they placed high, or low! The *Free-Masonic* code of human liberty inspires us to state in unmistakable terms that MYSTIC WORLD is a clearing-house for all those leaders, teachers and stu-

dents who honor *Truth* as highest virtue, and who will not prostitute their ideals for slinking gain solicited under false pretenses.

We are the spokesman of the man in the street, and ours is the signal effort to start a sweeping campaign against all charlatans who have placed mysticism in the undeserved limelight of popular ridicule. Our quarrel is with no creed or belief; but ours is a war—to the bitter finish!—against mercenary elements within the faithful ranks of truth-seekers!

The Dawn is at hand—now! The challenge is out: “by their fruits shall ye know them!” Mankind is wearied of glib lies and honeyed perversions of logic. This is the Age of *Reason*, and America’s mysticism must cleanse its house, so that the world at large may look *Up*, not *Down* to us! Superstitions must not be tolerated in this enlightened age—for of *it* was ever born the hydra of *intolerance*!

The children of *Tomorrow* have a sacred right to a *clean slate*; theirs shall be the legacy of generations freed from the menace of hypocrisy and avarice. Soon shall all those who think for themselves know the false from the true—for this is the *weeding-out* year, Out from the mire of rank treachery and smirking hypocrisy, shall we resuscitate all that makes life worth living; thus to restore Mysticism to its former, ancient glory of sacred (not sacrilegious) Wisdom-Rule. The gods of Justice are with us—for Truth triumphs in the end. Unto those who scoff at ideals may be quoted the prophetic dictum:

“What profiteth a man that he gain the whole world, and yet lose his own soul!”

—*The Editor.*



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### The Sphinx Speaks

*(Continued from Page 9)*

lightened" days more hymns were sung, more prayers offered, more candles burned, more churches beautified, more relics venerated, more saints invoked, more holy medals and crosses sold—than at any other period in the annals of mankind. THEN WAS CHRISTIANITY AT ITS VERY HEIGHT OF SPIRITUAL DEVOTION AND RELIGIOUS ECSTASY! Truly, "whom the Gods destroy, they first make mad"!

More centuries follow: Feudal warfare and robber knights. The mad Borgias entrenched in the Vatican; *bravos* and *condottieri* making murder a highly paid profession. The atrocities of the *Conquistadores* in New Spain. The gold-coast traffic of "black ivory" in the Elizabethan period. The human auction blocks everywhere on the Planters' Southern estates. Buccaneers and filibusters, free-booters and wholesale piracy on the Spanish Main. The Indian wars and white scalp-hunters. The witch-burnings in Salem. The French revolution and the Paris Commune with its September massacres. The Eldorado days and outlawry—the *gold-lust* maddening more men than ever. And then the "new era" of reformed Christianity begins!

The pleasant business of organized murder is reaching unguessed heights during the blessed period of the Final Dispensation of the cult some are pleased to label "Christian civilization"—*whatever that means!* The Belgian atrocities in the Congo. The Russo-Japanese War. The Boxer rebellion. The Punjabi and Sepoy mutinies. The Italo war in Tripoli. The Balkan war. And then, at last, the war of wars—the WORLD WAR! "Christ in Flanders"—how pretty! Did not a "flaming cross" give Constantine his *Christian* start? And did not his pet motto, "*in hoc signo vinces*," usher in the new Dispensation of mankind saved by Jesus? "*Gott mitt uns*"? "*Christ and the Sepulchre*"? "*Maria and Joseph*"? "*Santiago ye Christo*"? "*Onward, Christian soldier*"? "*laudame Deus*," and so forth, *ad infinitum*? And still no blush of genuine shame on the cheeks of Christianity!

Oh, Egypt, how Time and its justice avenged the wrongs done thee! Oh, Prince of Peace, of Memphis—they mocked Thee not in vain! MEMPHIS—where the first risen Christ was worshipped! In another Memphis, of Christian Tennessee, the famous "monkey trial" received its legislative push for the Dayton travesty. In Bethlehem, the new *effigy* of the *bonafide*, earlier Jesus, came into miraculous being—in another



"Betlehem," in the Key-Stone State, the giant guns for more efficient warfare saw their continental birth!

Amidst this sham and madness of religions soured in human stomachs, there still are left some brave souls whom the fate of *Hyptia*, *Socrates*, *Giordano Bruno*, inspires to moral courage. And whilst one thinker lives, whose moral courage is equal to the understanding of the ages-old problem—a ray of human hope remains. *Smile on, O Sphinx—thy Egypt hath not toiled in vain!* The Miracle Creed will go, too,—the only way, for the day is come when saner mankind will honor Truth as highest virtue. *By their fruits shall ye know them*—and even *Christianity!*

(To be continued)

## Psycho-Analyzing a Nation

(Continued from Page 27)

likewise on other planets, and that other planets have produced other types of the higher plants and animals, which are unknown on our earth; perhaps from some higher animal stem, which is superior to the vertebrate in formation, higher beings have arisen who far transcend us earthly men in intelligence."

(117)

This eminent scientist, Sir Oliver Lodge, continues: "Exactly; it is quite probable. It is, in fact, improbable that man is the highest type of existence. But if Professor Haeckel is ready to grant that probability, or even possibility, why does he so strenuously exclude the idea of revelation, i.e., the acquiring of imparted information from higher sources? Savages can certainly have 'revelation' from civilized men. Why, then, should it be inconceivable that human beings should receive information from beings in the universe higher than themselves? It may or may not be the case that they do; but there is no scientific ground for dogmatism on the subject, nor any reason for asserting the inconceivability of such a thing."

(118)

This conclusion of great minds that man himself is not necessarily an ideal type of life, is similar to that of the late Professor Huxley, who wrote as follows in the "Prologue" of "Science and Christian Tradition":

(Continued Next Month)



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**I**F YOU have latent psychic power which could be developed for practical use, the observance of certain conditions and rules will make development more rapid. In psychometry from rings, other objects, letters or writings, it is better to develop this phase in private before doing it in the presence of anyone.

Theoretically every object is in constant vibration, a lowered grade of radio-activity, which in the case of perfumes and odors is capable of charging the surrounding air with the identifying vibration. Like light, odors resolve themselves into wave motions. When you are alone it is best to inhale several times with the object held some distance from the nostrils. If no sensation is experienced, breathe on the object and inhale from this reflex. In Craig Sinclair's (Upton Sinclair's wife) experiments in Mental Radio (noted in the book of that name) she usually lies on a couch and lays the drawing or words written over her solar plexus, or sometimes on her forehead. In public the article is generally placed on the forehead, passing it slowly before the nostrils without stopping so the inhaling of its vibration is not noticed.

The theory has also been advanced that certain tiny particles from the object float in the air and are carried to the sinuses of the head and thence to the brain where, like ultra-microscopic phonograph discs, the "akasic records" are read by the sensitive psychic cells of the brain. If you wish to psychometrize from a letter received by mail, do not let anyone else open or handle the contents of the letter. The majority of persons in sealing a personal letter moisten the flap of the envelop with their lips, and thus breathe in the envelop in doing so. Some even make a habit of blowing in the letter or actually kissing it if it is to a friend or loved one. Thus some of the very air from their lungs is conveyed with the letter through the mails, and the letter should not be opened until conditions are suitable or until privacy is gained. Some people if they receive a letter at the post office, instinctively wait until they are at home or in private to break the seal. In fact it requires a polite apology to open a letter in the presence of another. If you receive letters at home try not to let anyone who is not in sympathy with mentalism handle the letter or even to know of your developing psychometric talents.

In fact anything in the nature of telepathy requires privacy and secrecy. It is as if you were to go into a long distance telephone booth and close the door. Professional psychics have extreme difficulty in getting the desired results if they allow anyone to accompany their client into their consultation room. So factorial is this that a psychic smiles when two people even come together to the reception room. If there are

(Continued on Page 66)

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In accordance with a previous announcement, this issue of MYSTIC WORLD is dated May. This does not mean, however, that there will be more than the usual 30-day interval before subscribers receive the next issue. That issue will be dated June. A new issue has appeared and will continue to appear every month. But since the March, April and May issues have been combined in order to bring out the magazine hereafter thirty days in advance of its date, in line with the custom of many general magazines, we shall advance the expiration dates of all subscriptions two months.



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## POEMS WITH A SOUL

*By the Inspired*

### PEACE

By VIOLET DE BESA

Let's usher in the age of Peace  
Then clouds of war will fade away  
And cast aside all bitterness;  
May friendship o'er the world hold sway.

The lurid past let us forget,  
To foes the olive leaf extend—  
And nobly our great wrongs forgive,  
Now may we all in concord blend.

Have understanding fill our souls,  
Thus banishing from each heart hate,  
And triumph o'er our lower selves.  
May Peace in the whole world radiate.

Let's usher in the age of Peace  
Then clouds of war will fade away  
And cast aside all bitterness.  
May friendship o'er the world hold sway.

### ULTIMA THULE

BY HARRIE VERNETTE RHODES

Fire, water, mist and fog,  
All together o'er earth's bog.

Fire permeates the watered earth  
From their fusion comes new birth,  
A mist, or a fog, to upward rise,  
Evaporates to reach the skies.

'Tis thus from earthly bonds set free,  
The souls of earth evolved shall be;  
And rising to bright realms above,  
Dwell evermore in boundless love.

### TO JEANNIE

*(My friend passed on)*

BY BERTHA RAFFETTO

I'll see your face where roses bloom,  
Deep in their hearts of gold;  
I'll hear your voice when West winds call,  
Just as in days of old;  
I'll feel again your loving hand  
When shadows softly creep,  
Leading me gently in my dreams,  
Guarding me while I sleep.



## AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By *Illuminatus*

MENTAL RADIO, by Upton Sinclair. Author. \$3.00.

When more men like William McDougall (Duke University, N. C.), Sir Oliver Lodge, Conan Doyle, Hereward Carrington, Malcolm Bird (Editor, *Scientific American*), and A. J. Gontier, men of purely scientific and agnostic mind, rally to the defense of telepathy, one of Nature's greatest mysteries that has long been proved as far as history records, the subject shall no longer be a pastime—but a subject worthy of truly scientific research into the laws that govern this radio-phase of the human mind. Then mankind may understand and benefit from an intelligent application of its laws and principles.

Brave and courageous, Upton Sinclair, the stormy petrel of the literary world, the genius whose light is the envy of some of the world's greatest literary aspirants, dares to present the truth about telepathy as he and his faithful wife have experienced it, as they have proved it—and as you may prove it for yourself, after reading this noteworthy scientific, yet popular, work upon thought transference.

All great truths graduate from superstition to science. Generally it is the rediscovery of lost truths again imparted to the world as a new discovery, illuminated and hallowed by the propaganda "genius" of some picturesque "scientist." We are glad that Upton Sinclair takes the mysticism out of the mysterious subject of mental telepathy. We commend this outstanding work to every reader, whether uninformed, misinformed, or already convinced of its reality. This reviewer knows famous lawyers, physicians, teachers, newspapermen, as well as "high-pressure" salesmen who successfully apply "mental radio" in their every-day work. They have found the knowledge of mental telepathy has profited them beyond price.

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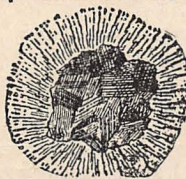
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LIFE STORY AND EXPERIENCES OF A PHRENOLOGIST, by J. Millott Severn, F.B.P.S. (Author) 12/6 (In America \$5).

Who but J. Millott Severn, ex-President of the British Phrenological Society, can write the romance of phrenology? Professor Severn, the man who has examined a *quarter of a million heads*, has done it!

This great work of over five hundred pages truly claims the attention of the general layman and the business and social public. Forty years a phrenologist—the locale—England; the time—the years that have wrought such great changes in modern English life are all clearly depicted. Away from home at three years of age, a farmer's boy, a mine-worker, a toiler before the looms, a carpenter—but phrenology has claimed him for service in his active, far reaching life.

Works on phrenology are fast disappearing from the markets, and few new contributions have been made outside of Dr. Francois Joseph Gall, Dr. John Gaspar Spurzheim, George Combe, Dr. Andrew Combe, Fowler, and Severn in the past hundred years, unless we mention their noteworthy contemporaries, William Benard Ziff, H. Hamilton McCormick, Henry Auerbach, and a few others. Phrenology isn't just a matter of mathematical measurement—it's far more reaching, as this strange autobiography reveals. True phrenology is not comparable with the self-styled mountebanks who masquerade as phrenologists, with their colored charts and golden aspirations after free silver from street-corner audiences.

## Mental Radio

(Continued from Page 63)

other clients those coming together are for some polite reason dismissed, and are told that one of them can make an engagement for a specific time, and the other at another time so that their vibrations will not be confused with each other.

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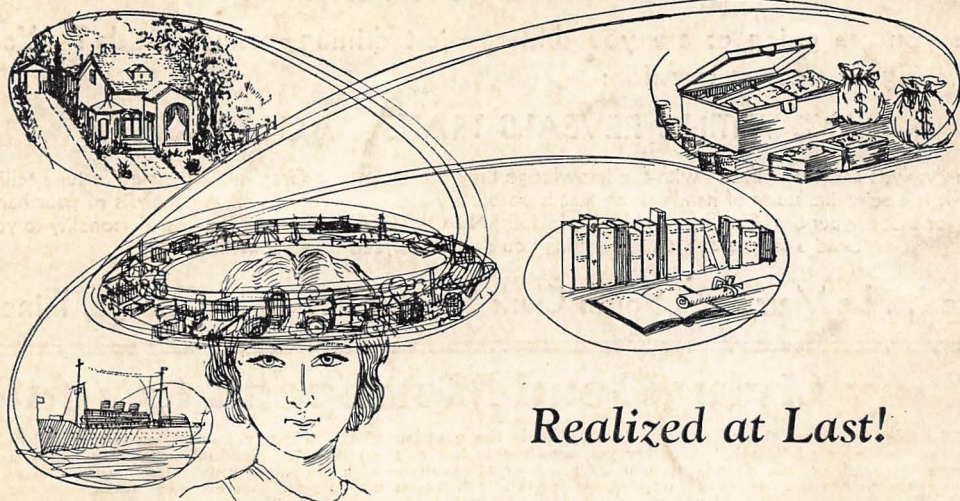
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